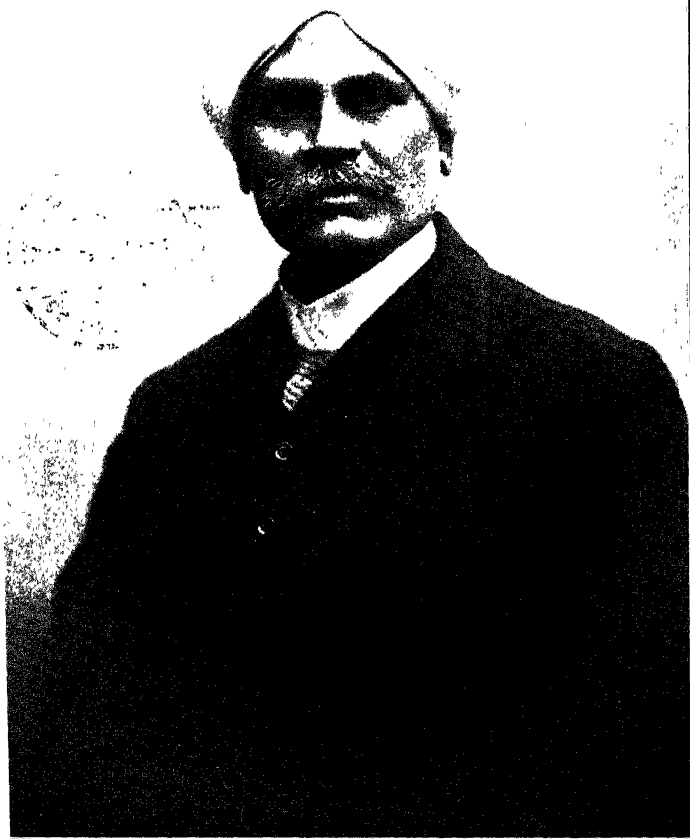


J. Rama Krishna



MY VISIT TO THE WEST
BY T. RAMAKRISHNA, AUTHOR OF
"LIFE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE," "TALES
OF IND," "PADMINI," "THE DIVE FOR
DEATH, ETC. WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER,
K.C.S.I., LL.D. (Ex-Lieutenant Governor of Bengal)

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

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CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction	I
Chapter I. Introductory	1
" II. Voyage	9
" III. France and England	19
" IV. The Coronation	28
" V. Historic Scotland	36
" VI. Religious Scotland	52
" VII. "A Scholar's Pilgrimage to the Abode of a Guru"	63
" VIII. Literary Scotland	71
" IX. Academic Scotland	84
" X. A Scottish Capping Day	98
" XI. Conclusion	110

INTRODUCTION

My friend, Mr. T. Ramakrishna, has asked me to write a few lines to introduce the book, entitled "My Visit to the West," which he is about to publish. I hardly think that any introduction from me is necessary; but I am not inclined to refuse his request. I have read several of the books which he has already published: the "Tales of Ind," "Padmini, an Indian Romance" and "Life in an Indian Village," as well as some others of his writings, in which he has endeavoured to "interpret the East to the West." All of them I have read with interest and instruction.

It is of great importance, in view of the vital connection of England (or, as some prefer to say, Great Britain) with India, that the peoples of India and the people of England should know each other well. Any one who can promote a sympathetic understanding between them, will confer a great benefit on the Empire. There can be nothing more manifest than that the influence of the West on the East is powerful and far-reaching. It is not so manifest, but scarcely less certain, that the East is exercising a powerful influence on the West. The tendencies which such reciprocal influence produces are of the deepest interest and demand most earnest attention. Such work as Mr. Ramakrishna is doing helps, as he would say, "to canal the separated waters of the East and the West."

A Scotsman may be excused for noticing with pleasure the special love which Mr. Ramakrishna has

II

for Scotland, and the special interest that attaches to his visit to that country. This is due to the affectionate reverence with which he regards his old Scottish teachers, especially Principal Miller of the Madras Christian College. This is a noteworthy and amiable trait in the Hindu character, devotion to the worthy "Guru". It comes out strongly in the author of this book. I have, of course, not yet had an opportunity of seeing the whole volume; but I look forward with pleasant expectancy to its perusal.

A. H. L. FRASER.

MY VISIT TO THE WEST

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

To visit England was the dream of my life. In the year 1718, one of our clan in Southern India, closely allied to my mother's family, sailed in an English frigate from Madras and reached France through England, to lay before the Duke of Orleans, the Regent of France, his grievances against the French Governor of Pondicherry. The father of this bold adventurous Indian who was the courtier or chief of the Indian subjects of France had incurred the displeasure of Monsieur Herbert, the Governor of Pondicherry, and was cast into prison where he died of ill-treatment.

In the beginning of 1719, as a result of the representations made, Governor Herbert was arrested and sent home to France under restraint. The Indian, who so far succeeded in the object for which he took this perilous journey,—the first, perhaps, on record of a South Indian setting foot on European

soil, — was treated with great respect by the French. He became a Christian and was made a Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael. This order which was created by Louis XI in the 15th century and was re-formed by Louis XIV two centuries later, conferred nobility on its recipients. There were only one hundred knights, and they wore a collar with a star which had the figure on it of St. Michael, the Archangel. He eventually returned to his native land, and the talk had long been among the related families that whenever this Europe-returned Indian appeared with the badge and star of the order with which he was invested, Frenchmen from the highest in the land did him obeisance. But his people shunned him for having lost his caste. He was practically a dead man in their estimation, in spite of this great honour conferred on him, an honour unique in the annals of the relationship between the East and the West. His last days were clouded with miseries and he died of a broken heart.

About two centuries later, one of his clan made up his mind to go to the West, with the incident here narrated staring him in the face with all the unfortunate details connected with it. While I was a student at college, I seriously thought of going to England to study for the bar. My father fell in with my wish, and even encouraged me in my ambitious purpose. But as all things in the life of each individual, each unit of society, must follow a pre-designed course, a slight happening—call it accident if you like—turned my future career in another direction. I was taught from my very childhood that all things in my life's course had previously been ordained. They were inflex-

ible ; and speaking in a Carlylean manner, I was not ushered into existence by mere chance. Call it not a purposeless existence. I had my own little mission to fulfil in the world, even as the worm has before it shuffles off its mortal coil. And this is how I view this 'accident,' which changed the whole course of my life.

One day, while I was discussing the matter with my father, my mother came in ; and I recall the scene enacted in our Hindu home about forty years ago. As soon as my mother understood the import of the conversation the father and son were on, she, like all true Hindu mothers, exhibited her feelings before giving vocal expression to them ; and the exhibition was indeed dramatically demonstrative. Tears first, then words. She said that going by sea to a far away land for purposes of study, meant absence from home for a number of years and then the absolute loss of her son, a loss which she counted as worse than death. In those days when Indians were more conservative than they are now, that loss would have been to her painful in the extreme causing poignant grief, every hour of the day, and every day of her life.

It appeared to me that my mother could think of nothing but the painful situation that her son, though living, would practically be nothing more than a 'walking corpse', a living dead body, a being socially and religiously lost to her, to our family and our clan. And was there not the example fresh in her mind of a near relation who braved the dangers of the deep and lived with aliens for a long while, and returned quite a strange creature unfit to associate with ? Nearly two hundred years had elapsed, and still that sore

was deep and fresh. Although he was the most honoured man of the time in the country, with the star of an ancient order glittering on his breast, he was nevertheless ostracised by his people. They would have none of him, and his very breath was a contamination to them.

When my mother argued, quoting this example, my father became at once converted, and as I was of a somewhat sensitive temperament, prone to be carried away by the sensation of the moment, I assured my mother in all seriousness that I would not be the cause of even the slightest grief to her. There the matter ended.

Forty years have since passed away ; and my life during that period, instead of being engaged in the profession of law, in which I hoped in the buoyancy and the over-confidence of youth to become famous, became, on the other hand, the everyday sort of life of an ordinary Hindu, but with this exception. I felt as a man I had some mission in this world to perform and hoped to win fame thereby. How far I have succeeded in so doing, it is not for me to judge here. But during all these long, long forty years, this desire to visit England was ever prominent in my thoughts, and I was fondly hoping that my dream would one day become a reality, that I might be destined to see with my eyes that great country and her wonderful people, who, by their long and arduous struggles, brought about their national elevation, whose grand achievements have captivated my mind. My mother passed away in July 1910 in her eighty-third year, my father having predeceased her

in his eightieth year ; and the promise I made was no more binding on me. I was free, therefore, to fulfil my long-cherished desire. So, I made up my mind to cross the sea, but, to reverence the feeling of her who passed away, I determined not to return as a 'strange creature.' I made up my mind to go as a staunch Hindu, live in England as a thoroughly orthodox Hindu and return 'untainted,' as pure a Hindu as I was when I first saw the light of day. I resolved, therefore, to go through the fierce ordeal of foreign travel and come out successfully as a Hindu still.

A writer in a Madras magazine, in referring to my resolve to visit England, expressed his gratification that 'an orthodox Hindu who would resent being called a social reformer, undertakes his present voyage, not only out of motives of intellectual curiosity and civic gratitude, but inspired by the devotion of a pupil to his master.' True. The year 1911 was especially opportune in view of the coronation of their most Gracious Majesties the King Emperor George V and Queen Empress Mary. True also it is that I intended visiting some of the famous seats of learning in the West, and chiefly the country of my preceptors — Scotland, about which I had read a good deal.

But there was still another circumstance more potent still. My visit to the West when the end of my threescore years was in sight seemed to me better than going to England in my eighteenth year to study for the bar, in view of the humble mission of my life. The Indian youth with plenty of vigour and energy has not, when his sense of enjoyment is keen, when his experience of the world has not yet mellowed his

intellect and matured his understanding, the strength to resist successfully the alluring influences of a foreign life, especially when there is no one to take care of him.

On the other hand, there are older men, perhaps rajahs or rich merchants, with plenty of leisure for sight seeing, who go to be pampered by society, to trot over the country with a number of followers, with no inclination, although there are sufficient opportunities, to observe, to learn and profit by their travel, and return to their native land not one whit the better for their travels. All their labour is lost; neither experience nor knowledge is gained by it.

More fortunate than these, I went, I saw, and I succeeded. I kept in mind always the mission of my life, and this prompted me to keep steadily in view the object of my visit, that is to observe, to study and compare. And this advantage I had. I was not young; with age in my favour, with some experience of life and with intellect hard-beaten and understanding tempered, with power and will to bear and grapple with difficulties, and resist untoward influences coming in my way, I have come away successful, I think, from my trip.

It is said I have been interpreting the East to the West, making familiar to English minds Indian life; and if from my observations of the lives of the people of the country which I visited I can show to my countrymen what is lovable and good in them, what is worthy of admiration in their history, characteristic in their literature, valuable in their struggles for religious liberty, in their political and social progress, and draw attention to the existence

of common facts and instincts and sympathies, that indeed must be work of which one ought to be proud.

My relative who lived two hundred years ago went to Europe with the heavy burden of a great duty, which he resolved upon fulfilling, to see his father's name restored unsullied ; he felt keenly the dishonour brought on his family by an over-zealous official and took in those days what should be considered a perilous voyage round the Cape, which necessitated his being on the sea for months and months together. He reached France safely. There he was a stranger from an ancient country with a history and civilization of its own, quite able to hold his own in the brilliant society of the most cultured people in Europe, and eventually to come out successful as much by the strength of his cause as by the tact and ability which he brought, to bear on his unique attempt ; so much so that later on the French monarch Louis XVI conferred upon one of his successors the title of *The Chief of Malabars and of the Indians in Pondicherry*, "in reward of his services rendered to France as much by him as by his ancestors." Look on this picture of the man who shed lustre upon his community and his country. But look also on the other picture of another foreigner in the sister country of England at about the same time, that interesting savage Omai, who was taken there as a human curiosity and was afterwards taken back to his native home. Cowper, that amiable poet, describes the incident in his outspoken manner.

"Thou gentle savage ! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw

Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here
 With what superior skill we can abuse
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
 The dream is past ; and thou hast found again
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams [found
 And homestall thatched with leaves. But hast thou
 Their former charms, ? And, having seen our state,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens and our sports,
 And heard our music, are thy simple friends,
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
 As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys
 Lost nothing by comparison with ours ? ”

Unlike either of these, I went ; unlike my relation
 who went laden with a grievance to France where before
 long there was to be a mighty revolution which would
 convulse the civilized world and change its political
 aspect ; unlike also that savage who only saw the might
 and the outward pomp and glory of England. But I
 went as a ‘cultured’ Indian, if I may be permitted to
 flatter myself with the term applied to me by the
London Times to the centre of an Empire greater than
 that of ancient Rome, to see the people who were able
 to found such an empire, to observe and admire the
 character and the faith of the nation that has achieved
 perhaps the greatest feat in the history of the world.

CHAPTER II

VOYAGE

I left Madras on the evening of the 15th of May 1911, and reached Colombo on the morning of the 17th. At the harbour there, I was met by a few gentlemen to whom kind friends had written; and it was decided that I should accept the hospitality of the Hon. Mr. P. Ramanathan, K. C., ex-Solicitor-General of Ceylon, whose son took me to the pretty bungalow in the compound of the Siva temple, which Mr. Ramanathan owns in Colombo for general Hindu worship, and more especially his own family worship. There were two or three others who were also kind enough to meet and invite me to stay with them and I could only promise them that I would take advantage of their hospitality on my way back.

Two days I spent in looking round the picturesque city of Colombo. Situate as it is on the high road between the East and the West, that city is the meeting place of untold varieties of peoples and gives the Indian the first glimpses of something which he is not accustomed to see on the mainland. We feel we are for the first time on land where no caste distinctions prevail, where there is no priesthood, where perhaps

people intermarry without reference to religion. May it not be that this is due to the religion long established in the island having nothing of what we call exclusiveness? Colombo is essentially a modern city, and to learn what it all means would certainly be of great educative value to every home-confined Hindu.

We left the fine harbour—which receives the fleets of the world—on the evening of the 18th of May by the *S. S. Omrah*. It is not a big steamer. On this voyage it carried about two hundred first and second class passengers, besides several hundreds as third class passengers. Many of the former were going to London to witness the coronation celebrations of their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. Some of them, members of the Commonwealth Parliament, were specially invited for the occasion. There were among these passengers, besides these members of the House of Representatives from that distant part of the empire, many others going to the motherland. There were persons of other nationalities too including Austrians, Danes, Frenchmen and Jews, most of whom were tourists.

On the first day of my voyage, there was some trouble with regard to the preparation of my food by my man. When I booked my passage I made arrangements to be allowed to have my own food cooked in the steamer; and I took with me the necessary victuals to last me throughout the voyage. But the steamer people refused to allow me this privilege, as they said they received no instructions. I was thus suddenly confronted by a serious dilemma. Either I must sit at the table with the other passengers or starve for fifteen days. I did not know what to do. For the first time

in my life I was placed among strangers. I starved the whole of the first day of my voyage. But an old Irish gentleman in the steamer, who was going for the first time from Australia to see his father's native land, became interested in me. He was my first friend in the steamer. To him I opened my mind. I explained my difficulty, adding that, if the thing continued, it would mean a fortnight's fasting. The good old gentleman hurried to the officers of the steamer and got the necessary permission for my man to cook my food. All honour therefore to my friend Mr. Falkiner, with whom subsequently I became more intimate; and I take this opportunity of acknowledging this kind and gracious act which I shall never forget. My man was allowed access to the kitchen to cook the food once a day. And in the evening he prepared *conje* which with fruits of which there was a plentiful supply served our purpose very well. As the days went on, more friendships were added and the passengers treated me always with the utmost respect and regard. We were on sea, a limitless expanse of water to the right of us, to the left, in front and behind; and this was the first experience of the kind in my life. The tediousness of the journey was not at all felt. The kind attentions of the passengers, their courtesy and their anxious desire to please me throughout the journey, and their ceaseless endeavours to see to my comfort in the boat, made me feel quite at home.

On deck, day after day, I was engaged with some one or other of the passengers or a group of them oftentimes. I spoke to them of our history, of our ancient civilization, our social and religious life, and they listened with rapt attention. The passengers,

Australians in particular, many of them going to the west for the first time, never knew, they said, that the Hindus were so civilized. They explained to me that they passed their immigration laws against the Asiatics for fear of the cheap labourer wiping out of existence their own who was the very marrow of their land ; but tourists like myself they would receive with open arms. One of the passengers, a member of Parliament, narrated to me a story which showed that, in spite of their alien laws which were only passed out of necessity for self-protection, they had great sympathy for the oriental. In an Australian city, a Chinaman got into a tram-car, when a host of American tourists who were there protested against the Asiatic being allowed to travel with them, and demanded that he should be turned out. The conductor would not yield and the tourists got down while the car went on with the Chinese passenger.

We reached Suez on Saturday the 27th of May. Some of my new friends got down to have a run to the Pyramids, but being a novice at this kind of travelling, I did not venture to go although they were anxious to take me with them. I could, however, never forget the impression made on them by the Pyramids which they saw. They left Suez by rail at about 2 P.M. and reached Cairo in the night. Early next morning they took a motor car to the Pyramids. They saw, they said, those great monuments wrought by the labour of thousands of workmen thousands of years ago. They remain there to be seen and admired by successive generations ; nor could they ever forget the impressiveness of the scene between that ancient historic spot and the modern capital of the land, stretching along a dis-

tance of seven miles with sandy deserts on either side, with the consciousness of their vast lifeless extent ; and, as if to make recompense for this, the thin stream of crowded life within the narrow limits of a roadway whereon was seen early in the morning a never ending procession of mules, camels and foot passengers carrying loads of articles of human consumption to the capital.

From Suez, the *Omrah* made its slow progress through the Canal. We constantly saw passing us dredgers always at work to keep the Canal in order. The slow march was enjoyable. Port Said was reached early in the morning the next day. Some of us went ashore to see the place. This neat little town is only about thirty or forty years old, and consists of two parts, the European and the Mohammedan quarters. The houses and shops on either side of the beautiful and well laid roads were pretty and elegant. The colossal statue of Mons. Lesseps who planned and carried out the great work of cutting the canal, stood there with his hand outstretched as if inviting the East and the West to clasp hands. That statue stands there to remind even the least imaginative person of the impetus which the product of his brain gave to the linking of the East and the West. He it was that bridged the gulf between them. Did I say — “ bridged the gulf ” ? Oh no ! It was no gulf. It was only an isthmus. He it was that canalled the separated waters of the East and the West and added this most eventful deed to the history of the maritime world.

We returned to the *Omrah* at about 11 A. M. And before noon when the steamer weighed anchor my friends got back from Cairo.

On Wednesday, the 31st of May, we reached Naples, the second city of modern Italy. I went ashore with some of my Australian friends sight seeing. I realised I was for the first time on the soil of Europe and that too very near the spot where the country's greatest poet Virgil was sleeping, and near the scene of many of Boccaccio's stories. I was also on the land where the great Asiatic faith took root and flourished and made Europe what it is at the present day.

I realised also that I was near the spot which was subject to the whims of Vesuvius, that mountain which being no respecter persons, threw from its deep bowels its destructive substances and caused people long established there to flee with their children and the old and the infirm and escape from a fury more terrible than any wrought by human hands even when the worst passions are roused. We saw the beautiful city perched on a hill and I stood on the balcony of a fine hotel in one of the finest streets, when my friends were taking their dinner, and saw carriages drawn by pairs of fine horses, and motors carrying the flower of Italian society ; this was my first experience of a great European modern city. And my imagination wandered forth to many an ancient scene depicted by the writers of the land, and I thought of the great Empire in her palmy days, of the time when Caractacus stood on the streets of its principal city when it was at the height of its glory two thousand years ago and exclaimed—'alas ! how is it possible, that a people possessed of such magnificence at home could envy me an humble cottage in Britain'. As the shades of night were falling, the steamer moved on and we saw, on one side, lights

illuminating the beautiful city on the hill and on the other side of the harbour hills rising one above the other as far as the eye could reach, with villas here and there revealed by their lights. It was indeed a magnificent sight that pleased the mind and touched the heart.

We left Naples on the night of the 31st of May. There was a Fancy Dress Ball on the 1st of June on board the steamer. I was asked to take part in it and I appeared in the dress of a South Indian, and three or four of my Australian friends expressed a desire to appear in Indian dress. I gave them my turbans of which I had a number. These created a good deal of interest and they said they adopted the oriental garb to show their regard for their fellow Indian passenger. One became a South Indian Vaishnava Brahmin, with the caste mark on, and went about among the audience holding his two hands together which was the special Indian salutation form, and uttering the word 'Namaskaram.' At first he felt some difficulty in pronouncing the word properly; afterwards he became an adept. Another became a Madras moslem gentleman and went on repeating the words *Salaam aleikum* (peace be to you). A third with my rich green silk head dress appeared to be a fine stalwart Rajput. And last but not least a European lady transformed herself into a Hindu woman with saffron smeared on her face, and she appeared most charming in her Indian saree. There was an amount of mirth and gaiety which the Westerns, whatever their age, know well how to create wherever they go. My old friend Mr. Falkiner appeared in the dress of a Queensland Sundowner the professional

itinerant beggar of the country who will not take work even when it is given to him — so indolent is he. And our old friend of threescore and ten created so much of fun and frolic that his masquerade was adjudged to be the best of that evening.

On Saturday, the 3rd of June, early in the morning, we reached Marseilles ; two young Indian students of Pondicherry who had been asked to meet me came to the steamer to take me ashore. In that temporary home fifteen days before, for the first time in my life, I was cast among aliens, every one of them a stranger, separated from them by birth, by language, by religion, and in everything as far apart from them as the poles, and when I remember during that short period many friendships were formed — some of them very intimate — so that I never even for a moment felt my position to be strange and embarrassing — this indeed will ever form one of the most pleasing outstanding memories of my life. And time will never efface the impression of that scene of the morning of the 3rd June 1911, when I bade farewell to my friends — it was most touching ; for when I got down into my boat more than fifty passengers filed on the gangway and when my boat moved towards the shore, they waved their handkerchiefs and showed by the expression of their feelings a sincere appreciation of my association with them. All the passengers went to their several destinations via the Bay of Biscay.

A few days later I was the recipient of the following address signed by about forty of my fellow passengers which reached me by post in London.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

R. M. S. S. Omrah, 2nd June 1911.

TO T. RAMAKRISHNA PILLAI,
Madras, S. India.

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned passengers on the *R. M. S. S. Omrah* on her voyage to England, desire to express our pleasure at meeting you.

Some of us who have had the opportunity of reading the books you have contributed to the English language wish also to express our admiration.

With every wish for your success and happiness in the future, We remain, Yours very sincerely,

(Sd.) W. G. Spence, M. P.
 „ W. H. Laird Smith, M. P.
 „ Thomas Brown, M. P.
 „ W. Maloney, M. P.
 „ Francis L. Cohen, Chief Rabbi, N. S. W.
 „ Albert Gardiner, Senator, N. S. W.
 „ R. Falkiner,
 „ John Jensen, Consul for Denmark, Tasmania ; and 32 others.

Dr. Maloney in sending the above by post wrote as follows :—

Commonwealth of Australia,
72, Victoria St., Westminster, S. W.
13th June '11.

My Dear Friend,

I am sending enclosed. Mr. Falkiner desired to call with me personally and hand it to you, but as the only address he gave me is here, I must wait and therefore post it to you.

May I wish you to take it from us, especially those like myself, as indicative of a kindly interest in a courteous gentleman of wide knowledge and kindly heart. It is true that our laws prevent your confreres from settling with us, but not from visiting us—not because they are human but because their standard of life enables their workers to outbid ours. Any nation that rises high or (may God make it so) higher than our own will be gladly welcomed, come they from any part of this old green earth.

Remember always that there are confreres of yours as from other parts of Asia that settled with us and are a part of us, and they having become citizens, our laws endow them with higher honours (the adult franchise) than England gives Britishers in India and higher than England gives her people in the British Isles where an Englishman can only vote by the ownership of property direct or indirect by rental. God help you and till we clasp hands believe me

Yours fraternally,

W. MALONEY.

T. Ramakrishna.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

If the country of which Rome was the principal centre possessed a mythology akin in its nature and antiquity to that of ancient India, if it was the birth-land of a poet whose epic is read today with the same interest as that felt for the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, if, in later times, Italy produced another great poet whose *Vision* is the embodiment of the best survivals of its ancient thought and of the highest ideals of the Asiatic faith first planted on its soil to spread its beneficent influence over Europe, and lastly if Rome it was that first broke the insularity of Britain, France, on the other hand, compels our attention in a greater measure, on account of its close proximity to Britain, its continued struggles with its neighbour from the Norman Conquest onwards, and its mighty Revolution which changed many a firmly rooted belief and long cherished tradition, and created a democracy in human thought, and, last but not least, on account of its long and arduous struggle with the sister nation for supremacy in India, a struggle which called forth the latent energy of England for sustained action and its genius for ruling an alien people and impregnating them with its own ideals.

Such the country on whose soil I first set foot on the morning of the 3rd June 1911. The young Indians who met me on board the steamer took me

to their comfortable lodging in a central part of Marseilles. After an early meal, we set out sight seeing. We saw the fine Roman Catholic Church on the top of a little hill, the public museum with many notable oil paintings, and the principal streets which we passed through on a tram car. In the evening, we took train and reached Paris the next day. Here again, some young Indians, natives of Pondicherry studying in the University of Paris, received us at the railway station. Later in the day, they took us to the Eiffel Tower and other interesting places. After supper we went to what we were told was the best opera house in the city; the lavish scale on which it was run, the number of persons who took part in the performance, their dresses, the richness and variety of the scenes, the lights growing dim and all on a sudden blazing out to suit the parts acted, and the repeated *encores* of the appreciative audience — these were all interesting experiences. Other places of amusement were also visited where there were dancing and music, mirth and frolic, and songs and light-hearted conversation. It appeared to me, the most recent sojourner in Paris, as if that wondrous city of pleasure had no other avocation to pursue than that of spending its days and nights in revelry, and was for that purpose using its highest ingenuity in ever setting up fresh forms of pleasure and inviting the other countries of the Continent to look for the latest novelty. It appeared to me also that if it were suddenly ordained that each day of human life should be of thirty hours' duration, Paris would even then be equal to the occasion and set to work at once to invent new forms of enjoyment, and, in order to whet the senses to stand the further stretch, introduce new

sources of energy for the lassitude consequent on human limitations.

But thoughts like these apart, I must candidly own that I was much impressed by the beauty of Paris, when I saw its parks and gardens, its paintings, sculptures, and other works of art; my admiration for the French people's keen perception of the beautiful in all that I saw was intense; and I was moved beyond measure by their ceaseless desire to attain perfection in regard to everything that pleases the higher senses of man. However revolting some aspects of Paris life may appear to be, the aesthetic taste of the people must compel the admiration of even the most stern and unrelenting moralist.

While in Paris, I saw my old friend Mons. Julien Vinson, Professeur à l'Ecole Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes, the only living authority on the Dravidian languages in France. He received me most cordially. His extensive library contains a valuable collection of books on oriental subjects. It was an object lesson to me, the figure of this venerable French *savant* bowed down with age, his eyes so dim that he was able to use them only with the aid of powerful glasses, receiving me with a sprightliness and a vivacity remarkable at his age. It was an interesting sight, moreover, the little party of Frenchmen who were present at our interview gazing on one of their own countrymen and an Indian in his national costume conversing with each other in that quiet study in the Rue de l'Université in a language which was quite unintelligible to them, but which they vaguely knew was spoken in a far-off part of the globe.

After a half hour's stay I took leave of my friend. A few days after, he contributed an article to the *Revue de Linguistique et de Philologie Comparative* on the visit to France of "Le savant T. Rama-krsna Pillei (on prononce Rama Kichnapouille)," in which he said flattering things about myself and my kinsfolk. Later on, he was kind enough to compose in my honour a poem in the Tamil language in the *agaval* metre, the metre in which some of the best works in that language are written. The classical diction of the poem, and the exclusively oriental flavour of the subject matter have caused surprise to many a Tamil scholar; some have even doubted whether it was composed by a Frenchman. But the Frenchman did write it.

I left Paris on the 5th of June in the forenoon, in due time passed Calais, crossed the Channel to Dover, and continued the journey by rail to London, reaching it in the evening. At sunset, when I looked out of the window of the carriage, the dim outline of the great city rose before me, and it seemed to me as if it were set up in mid air. Then gradually its lofty buildings and spires and towers and innumerable chimneys were visible, and little did I dream then that, besides the great mass of humanity living and working there, there were thousands and thousands of persons equally busy passing and repassing every minute of the day below its surface in the underground railways. When the Victoria Station was reached and we were taken to our final destination, 21, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, my feeling was one of amazement. I appeared to myself as an infinitesimal part of humanity caught in the whirlpool of a vast maelstrom and lost at last in its final resting place of the India House.

From the next day till the end of June, my life was one continual succession of novel and pleasing experiences. I witnessed real English life in its original home. My oriental dress wherever I went, in the buses, in the underground railway carriages, in the London streets and in public places of resort, secured for me every attention and respect. The English people by the manner of their treatment of me showed that they realised that I was a guest whom they were bound to treat kindly, a guest come from a remote part of the empire to witness the coronation of their king. I experienced from every one I came in contact with, kindness and nothing but kindness. I never heard a harsh word spoken nor saw a contemptuous look directed towards me. Nor did the people gaze at me with curiosity as I passed. They looked at me with genuine and kindly interest. My old professor at the Law College Sir H. H. Shephard, who was expecting me, was my first companion. He took me to the Law Courts and the various Inns of Court. My publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, and his amiable consort, a daughter of Richard Cobden, welcomed me most heartily. Mrs. Fisher Unwin took me to her country seat in Midhurst where her distinguished father sleeps in the quiet churchyard. I met some notable men in London as soon as I arrived there, Sir William Lee Warner and Sir Theodore Morison; Lord Radstock and his son the Hon. Mr. Waldegrave, true Christian men, working in the spirit of the teachings of their master. I was invited more than once by that most interesting journalist, the late Mr. Stead, to his weekly gatherings of friends in his house. On each occasion he spent some time conversing with me on Indian

topics, and recounting with evident pleasure anecdotes of his Pall Mall Gazette days and especially of his chief Lord Morley, the great living Englishman whom Indians take special delight in speaking of. When I took leave of him before my departure for Scotland, he looked forward, he said, to the pleasure of meeting me very often and having further conversations on Indian subjects. But when I returned from Scotland a letter from his son was waiting for me, informing me that his father was suddenly called away to Constantinople. Later on after he returned, he wrote that he had 'been in Constantinople and heaven knows where,' and asking me to see him. But unfortunately I had then left England and the letter reached me in Madras, so I wrote to him expressing my sincere regret at my not having been able to see him. Poor Mr. Stead! The world knows his sad end. I will never forget the genial Englishman whose untimely end will be the saddest of my memories.

The Universal Races Congress which was for the first time held in London on the 25th July 1911, attracted to it many distinguished men from all parts of the world. Several preliminary meetings to settle the final programmes were held, and I took part in most of them. I came in contact with representative men who left their distant homes to meet in London in pursuance of a common object — to bring the East and the West together. There were also social gatherings organised in honour of the delegates. At one of these given by Mr. Milholland, I saw M. Marconi whom the host introduced to the guests as the great benefactor who was bringing the Saharas of seas and oceans into

touch with the civilized world. M. Marconi made a speech of one minute and that was enough to enable me to form an estimate of the man. He seemed to be conscious of the fact that he was attempting what appeared to him to be an impossible task. This consciousness made him smile often in the course of his little speech. At the end he burst out laughing at having somehow succeeded in getting through his one minute's ordeal. He impressed me, by the naturalness with which he expressed his thoughts, and by his simple and childlike bearing, as a genuine man who carried his greatness with ease. Others I met were equally interesting. A coloured gentleman spoke in French, and those who were near me assured me he gave expression to sentiments worthy of a highly gifted mind, sentiments at once noble and inspiring. A Red Indian spoke English remarkably well. The moving spirits of this unique movement were Mr. Spiller, the indefatigable Secretary, and Lord Wear-dale, the amiable President of the Congress.

Even more interesting than this unique movement was the House of Commons. This historic institution, aptly called the Mother of Parliaments, I attended with the eager interest natural to one who had studied its history during its most eventful period. When I entered the House, I felt as if I were approaching a place hallowed by many memories of bygone times. It recalled to me my student days in the middle seventies of the last century, when we sat at the feet of the most distinguished educationist of Southern India, hearing his lectures on Guizot's History of the English Revolution. That great French thinker traced the progress of

the strenuous fight between the house and the king, and Pym and Hampden became familiar figures to us as we studied that memorable period in the history of the English Constitution. The House was sitting when I entered and took my seat in the place reserved for visitors. Two members seeing me in my Indian dress approached me and enquired if I knew English. On getting an answer in the affirmative, one of them handed to me the printed papers he had showing the subjects set down for discussion on that day. A member was then addressing the house on the bill before it, namely the "bill to consolidate and amend the law relating to the payment of pensions to Colonial Governors." That member spoke against the bill, remarking that Colonial Governors were getting princely salaries and that there was no need at all to better their position. The Speaker more than once intervened, telling the member that he was straying from the point. I asked one of the members sitting near me who the gentleman was that was addressing the house. He replied—"That is Mr. Lynch." I exclaimed—"Mr. Arthur Lynch who fought against the King in the South African War!" "That is he" he said, and added "You seem to know everything about our country and our history."

This gentleman, Mr. Arthur Lynch, fought on the Boer side as Colonel of the Irish Brigade during the South African War. He was indicted for the offence of waging war against the King. Subsequently, he was returned to Parliament and he is now sitting as Nationalist member for West Clare. It seemed to me a curious coincidence that my first acquaintance with

the history of the British House of Commons consisted in reading of the struggle between it and the king of England, the prominent characters there being those who spoke and acted regardless of consequences, and that my first personal experience of that house consisted in hearing one of its members who had likewise fought against his king.

Two days afterwards, I went to the House of Lords. There was a great rush of visitors because the Parliament Bill was under discussion on that day ; and the Indians especially mustered strong on the occasion. As soon as we took our seats, our first desire was to ascertain where Viscount Morley was sitting. Having learnt this, we began enquiring of the others present there. But our eyes constantly turned towards Lord Morley whom we saw, immediately before the proceedings began, opening his small box of papers somewhat unconcernedly. He is a thin, spare man. The ascetic expression of the face was well worth study. He spoke only a few sentences that night and that without exertion. I was glad I was fortunate in hearing this greatest living master of English prose whose writings are read by every educated Indian. When he spoke he was listened to with respect. I also heard Lord Curzon speak ; his style was ornate and his delivery was good. His speech was well received. Lord Middleton who was sitting near spoke very well too, and Lord Cromer and several others followed. Contrary to what I expected, the difference between the Liberals and the Conservatives seemed to be more marked than on the Lower House.

Another interesting sight I witnessed was the great suffragist demonstration which took place in

London a week before the Coronation. Forty thousand suffragists, it is said, took part in the procession which was four miles long, and it gave the foreigner an idea of the power and strength of British womanhood, which could organise and successfully carry out the programme without a hitch. These suffragists fight in effect for equality with man. But suffragist or non-suffragist, liberal or conservative, east or west — all became merged in the most important event I was destined to witness. The Coronation of their Majesties brought about a union of thought and feeling amongst all classes, all creeds, all parties, and they vied with one another in showing their loyalty to their beloved King and Queen. No discord remained to mar the joyful occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CORONATION.

The Coronation of their Majesties the King and Queen took place on the 22nd of June in the Abbey of Westminster. For several days visitors had been pouring in from all parts of the country, and the streets through which their Majesties were to pass were thronged with sleepless crowds the whole of the previous night. On my way to the Abbey, I saw people gathered together as in a bee hive, and the idea then uppermost in my mind was that they were eager not to miss the opportunity of seeing their beloved sovereign and his spouse going to the Abbey to be crowned, which as a spectacular sight was undoubtedly

worthy of being witnessed at any cost. The religious motive which is the mainspring which moves the oriental to take long and tedious pilgrimages to the sacred spot on account of the religious merit assured to the pilgrim witnessing it, seemed to be almost absent with the westerns. All along the route, every inch of space was utilized for the spectators who had to pay as much as two guineas for a ticket.

The ceremonies in the Abbey began at about 10 A.M., and when I followed them from the printed book of service supplied to us, I was disillusioned. I was glad to find in the west, in England, the coronation of the King was treated purely as a religious ceremonial. There were present in the Abbey nearly six thousand persons, distinguished men and women from all parts of the globe, representatives of foreign potentates, members of both Houses and their wives and men distinguished in literature, science, and art. It was a gathering worthy of the great occasion.

Next day, the London newspapers contained full and vivid descriptions of the great event. Some well-known writers gave fitting expression to the impressiveness and the grandeur of the scene. This is how Marie Corelli began her description. "Divinity doth hedge a king. Honour, reverence, splendour and stateliness, noble ritual and solemn observances, all these have proclaimed the fact, and grey old Westminster Abbey has seen no more impressive ceremonial than yesterday's brilliant pageant." But not one of the descriptions was oriental in its colouring. Not one gave the event an eastern setting. I remember reading years ago an account of the coronation of the

present Czar of Russia in the Moscow Kremlin, and the word-painting of the scene by Sir Edwin Arnold of which he was such a consummate master, contained many touches of oriental imagery. The author of 'The Light of Asia' would surely have given an oriental setting to this eventful ceremonial in honour of his own sovereign.

The tremendous flow of loyalty evoked by this great event gave the foreigner an idea of the love and regard in which the king is held, and the depth as well as the sincerity of the feeling that found expression in every conceivable form was truly remarkable. My humble pen gave form to the thoughts and feelings which were uppermost in my mind in the following ode and its purely oriental character is a sufficient apology for reprinting it here.

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

There is a flower, the fairest flower in Ind,
 Whose beauties poets ever love to praise
 And liken oft to woman's thousand charms ;
 Whose virtues are on nature's scroll inscribed
 For man to learn his best ideals there.
 This flower, the stately lotus of our land,
 Its petals closes to the moon at eve,
 And all its beauty hides through silent night ;
 But with the rising of the morning sun
 Opens and swells, its beauty full displays,
 And breathes when fiercest beat the rays of noon,
 Its sweetest fragrance, wafting it afar,

E'en as the light that beats upon thy throne
 Illumes, O King ! thy Empire's farthest ends.

The Empire of the little western isle,
 Whose loving arms enfold a thousand climes !
 Deep in the centre of the thirsty bed
 Of some vast lake on India's plains, there smiles
 The lotus on the tiny depthless pool.
 But soon, when heaven's windows open wide,
 The waters rushing down from hills and plains
 Fast seek the eager bed and, girdled safe,
 Sparkle and shine ; the lotus of the pool
 Soon, rising to her needs, the surface seeks ;
 The stalks throw wide their ever length'ning arms,
 To reach the water's distant edge, and spread
 Their mantle rich of green, and give their flowers
 In myriads blooming like a garden fair.
 Such, gracious Sire ! thy Empire reared by love.

And love's most touching scenes, ennobling life
 Are daily witnessed in thy far-off lands ;
 The woman who, with wetted fingers, smooths
 At morn her little cottage floor of mud,
 Goes to the lake of lotus ; there knee-deep
 Stretches her hand to pluck the nearest flower ;
 And with the petals braids her infant's hair
 With dext'rous hands when her day's work is done.
 The plaited head encompassed by the arch
 No bigger than the hand, the mother rains
 Her kisses on the finger clasped cheeks.
 The woman curtained from the outward world
 Works in the still seclusion of her home.
 Upon the floor, and near the ivory cot,

She paints the sacred lotus of the East.
 Pleased with her handiwork, she sends her men
 With rafts to that same lake to cull the flowers ;
 And garlands weaves of them to deck her bed.
 Her lord then coming, finds an only flower
 Lying upon the floor, and fallen from
 A garland loosely strung perhaps, and stoops
 Straightway with rev'rent hands to take the flower,
 The lotus sacred to his God and hers,
 For fear of being trodden on by them ;
 But happy feels at last he was deceived.
 Such, Sire ! the happy scenes in India's homes,
 The India of thy special care and love.

'Tis sweet to love and sweeter to be loved.
 And once in days of yore, there reigned a king,
 Who loved his subjects with a parent's love,
 Who still lives in the epic of our land
 And songs and sayings of her many tongues.
 When he was crowned, his loving subjects felt
 They had themselves been crowned; then pleased he said,
 ' I have this day received my crown of crowns.'
 And may thy name live likewise in our land !
 For of thy ancient house, thou wert the first
 To visit India with thy spouse ; the first
 Of England's kings her children of the East
 Will greet as King on India's classic soil ;
 First to accept with love the crown of crowns
 The myriad hearts of love will make for thee.

On the 23rd June in the morning, London once more poured out her myriads to enable them to witness the spectacle of their king and queen passing through the principal streets after the crowning ceremony. If on the day before in the Abbey the might and power of the British Empire was evidenced by her distinguished subjects gathering together from every part, the streets of London on this day testified to the greatness of that proud city of that empire. I then understood and realised to the full the orderliness and subdued silence of a vast English crowd gathered together on a historic occasion ready to give expression to its pent up feelings at the exact moment. It was unlike an eastern crowd, where it is all bustle and talk but perfect silence during the most supreme moment.

We have read how, in ancient Greece and Rome, the conquering heroes returned to their principal cities with the vanquished foes, how flattering it was to the pride and vanity of the citizens witnessing the sights. But here we who witnessed the scene on this occasion realised that the victories of peace were more renowned than those of war. Ruling princes of India rode on not as prisoners of war, but as members of the Empire proud to take part in the ceremonials; subjects from distant parts of the empire mingled freely with British citizens and took part in the rejoicings. The sight was a truly noble one. It did not rouse man's ignoble passions but touched the better part of his nature, when he saw men of various nationalities and creeds moved by one common purpose. The oriental magnificence of the east and the robust simplicity of the west rendered the event unique.

The king and queen sitting in an open landau drawn by six cream coloured horses passed through the Constitution Hill Stand where we were all seated. There were also present here the representatives of foreign governments. And now an incident took place which is worth recording here. As soon as we sighted the royal *cortege*, we all stood up and received the royal personages with cheers. His Majesty observed among the group subjects of foreign potentates and quick as thought he stood up from his seat and acknowledged their congratulations. This little thoughtful act impressed me very deeply, and gave me an idea of the great sovereign who occupies the English throne.

He is a monarch who knows his limitations. King George was realising at this moment the true extent of the esteem and veneration of his loving subjects some of whom at least were still unshaken in the ancient belief of the divine idea of kings. At such a moment he knew the extent of his earthly power and acted accordingly. One of our poets has sung that the height of a monarch's power is reached when his word travels quickly over seas and oceans and straightway becomes law to be obeyed on the waters. This height King George has reached. The sea in all ages has been taken to be the embodiment of great force, of vastness and power, difficult for man to bring under control. One of his predecessors drunk with the flattery of his subjects was carried away by the sensation of the moment and was betrayed into commanding the sea by telling the waves — "thus far shalt thou go and no further". King Canute forgot his human limitations. Going farther back, there is the

story related in the history of Southern India of a king who ruled territories adjoining the sea, and before whom the great Indian epic of the Ramayana was recited. When the point was reached where Ravana is said to have carried away beyond the sea, Sita, Rama's bride, this king lost all control over himself and immediately marched with his men to cross the sea and avenge the wrong. And tradition tells that the sea receded at the time but that in the meanwhile messengers were despatched to him to inform him that the reciter reached the story where Rama had killed Ravana and brought back his wife. This story and that recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures that the sea parted to make way for God's chosen people only illustrate the fact that man has always been impressed by the majesty, the glory and the might of the sea.

To the king of England belongs the great glory of his word becoming law over land and water. And now even in that hour of his greatest triumph when his subjects with one accord were paying him their tribute of love and loyalty, he realised his earthly limitations and stood and acknowledged the congratulations of foreign subjects. A king indeed who knew that he was the humble instrument of that great Giver of all earthly power and glory.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORIC SCOTLAND.

At 9 A.M., on the morning of Thursday, the 29th June, 1911, I took train from London to the capital of Scotland. It was a fast train, which stopped at only a few stations — Rugby, Crewe and one or two others. The first-named is well known to the educated Indian as the place where the great high school is situated, once presided over by the famous Dr. Arnold. The distance between London and Edinburgh is about four hundred miles; and this the train was able to cover in about nine hours' time. We reached the Caledonian Railway Station at about 6 p.m. and proceeded to Athol Place where we had comfortable lodgings.

The first place I went to on the morning of Friday, the 30th, was the new buildings of the United Free Church offices where I met Dr. Rae, my old Professor of English in the Madras Christian College. He left India for good many years ago. The moment I entered his room he stood up to receive me with these words—"At last in Scotland." He took me to the top storey of the new buildings, from where I was able to have a bird's view of Edinburgh. From the top of this house, situated in George Street, we had an excellent view of the northern slope of the city and of the landscape towards the north. In the distance we saw Ben Lomond and many other Bens in Central Scotland together with the Grampians and the Ochil Hills and

the Lomonds of Fife. In the middle distance the estuary of the Forth is conspicuous, and further up the river one sees the Forth Bridge. The Pentlands to the south-west are comparatively near. In the immediate neighbourhood, Edinburgh Castle is the most prominent feature, being the centre around which the city is built. Near it there rise to view the towers of New College and the spire of the General Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, and a little further down the High Street the Cathedral of St. Giles, where John Knox preached. On the Calton Hill the monument to Nelson is prominent, and next to that what is called the National Monument. This, to use Dr. Rae's words, is a reproduction in part of the Parthenon of Athens, and it was intended by its projectors to be a commemoration of the heroes that fell at Waterloo. But unfortunately those projectors had not counted the cost properly and they were not able to finish what they had so ambitiously begun. So it will ever remain uncompleted, a monument, as it has been sneeringly said, of the pride and poverty of Scotland.

Tourists to Scotland make it a point to go to visit the Forth Bridge, which is considered to be one of the greatest of engineering triumphs of modern times. One sees at important centres of Edinburgh huge 'brakes' specially built to accommodate thirty or forty persons, with the words, "To the Forth Bridge" painted in white. They are drawn by four horses.

When that colossal bridge was shown to me at a distance of six or seven miles, I doubted whether it was really the work of human hands. It left the impression on me of a bridge thrown by nature herself to link two

hills. A few days afterwards I had the satisfaction of travelling by train over that bridge from Bridge of Allan. Then it was that I realised what I read years ago about the catastrophe that happened to a railway-train on a dark and stormy night, when the Tay bridge, itself a great feat of skill, gave way and the train, as it fell, appeared to a cottager who observed it from a distance like a cluster of stars shooting down from the heavens into the waters below. The height of the Forth Bridge from surface of water to rails is 150 feet, thirty feet higher than the old Madras Light House, and that from water to top of cantilever is 360 feet. The length of each of the two central spans is 1,710 feet. I am told that the water is 150 feet deep.

At about 10 a.m. on that day, I wended my way with a guide through the city. Edinburgh is not a big city. It has about half the population of Madras. Glasgow is bigger. But Edinburgh is considered to be the finest city in the world; and the pride of Edinburgh, it is said, is her castle: but I should like to add—her Princes Street, too. I saw Naples, Paris and London, but none of these possesses a street so beautiful, made beautiful both by nature and by human hands. “God made the country and man made the town” — so sang Cowper. But Edinburgh the town, and her Princes Street in particular, is as it were made both by God and man. First, there is on one side of the street, stretching along a distance of about two miles, a noble row of buildings, and on the other only a finely laid path for pedestrians, with no residential buildings, but statues of distinguished Scotsmen at short distances, the whole overlooking the base of the hill where children and men and women sport them-

selves morning and evening in their 'best attire, the grounds all laid out in lawns and flower beds. And when we read that eight hundred years ago, "at the foot of the castle rock, where children play and lovers promenade, wild beasts had then their lair," man's imagination rises to think with wonder of the changes wrought by him in this beautiful spot where nature has lavished the best it can give.

From Princes Street I ascended the hill which overlooks it, and went to the castle which was shown to me by a licensed guide. A history of this castle—more important in many respects than Stirling Castle which I visited, and many others with which Scotland is studded—will give the reader an idea of the history of that country. The history of the castle of Edinburgh might, therefore, be said to be a history of Scotland in its rough outlines. I have no desire, in this account of my visit to the West, to write at length about historic Scotland. Any ordinarily diligent student knows it well enough. But my purpose in this article is to show how historic Scotland impressed an Indian of Southern India and to indicate such points of similarity in the histories of the two countries as seem to be worthy of notice.

The foremost event in the history of Scotland is the long and persistent struggle by her people for independence. Two names figure prominently in that arduous fight. We are familiar with the opening lines of Burns's stirring poem —

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led.

These two are the names most treasured in the memories of Scotsmen ; and their deeds were sung by many a bard and recited in every fireside of Scotland. In this fight for independence, Wallace was the first ; he defeated the English in the battle of Stirling in 1297. Thereafter, in July 1298, the forces of King Edward of England, numbering 100,000, met the Scots under Wallace at Falkirk and routed them. Still Wallace, undeterred, continued the struggle. But the treachery of his own countrymen betrayed him into the hands of the English king. He was found guilty of treason, murder and robbery and was condemned in the year 1305 "to be dragged to the place of execution ; hung for a certain time by the neck,.....his body to be dismembered, and the portions sent to various parts of the country to be set up as warnings to those who might be disposed to follow his example." We need not stand aghast at these heartless methods, though they are sickening to modern minds ; the standards by which the satisfying of human passions was reckoned were peculiar to the age ; why, more than two centuries later, in 1531, in progressive Switzerland, the enemies of Zwingli, the famous Swiss Reformer, held a court-martial over his corpse after he was killed in battle and condemned it "to be broken in four by the common executioner, and then burned to ashes, and the ashes mixed with rubbish and scattered to the winds."

After Wallace, Robert the Bruce continued the struggle. From 1306, his life was one series of bold adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The decisive battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 24th June, 1314, made Scotland free ; and Stirling Castle, the last of the English strongholds, fell immediately after. Edinburgh

Castle was captured two years earlier. The story of that capture forms one of the most interesting records in Scottish history. The castle, on three sides of it, is impregnable. The fourth was the only way by which an entrance was possible. But here the English garrison in charge of the castle was ever on the alert. Among the besiegers, there was a soldier of the name of Francis who lived in the castle in his youthful days when his father was its keeper. He had fallen in love with a girl in the town and, to meet her every night, he contrived to scale the rampart wall with a rope ladder, then descend the precipitous rock, visit his lady love and be back in the castle before early dawn. This story of his nightly escapades he revealed to his commander and proposed that he would, with the help of thirty brave, resolute souls, ascend the rock at dead of night and capture the fortress. The night of the 14th of March, 1312, was selected for the assault, and Francis successfully carried out his plan, surprised the garrison, and Edinburgh Castle fell into the hands of the Scots. The poet Barbour, referring to this astonishing and daring feat of the "perilous climb," has sung —

"I heard never in nae time gane

Whar castell was sae stoutly tane."

This story of midnight attack, this "perilous climb" recalls to my mind the incidents recorded in a South Indian ballad once very popular but now almost forgotten. In Southern India, in former times, it was not an uncommon proceeding to carry away maidens from the lawful guardianship of their parents and marry them against their will. A young chieftain in those days carried away by force the beautiful

daughter of a neighbouring chieftain. The whole country rose against the offender. Running day and night from the combined fury of the people, he reached a safe retreat known only to a few of his faithful adherents. It was bounded on all the four sides by huge perpendicular rocks rising abruptly from the ground; the space within contained many acres of level ground and it was impossible for man or beast to enter it. Here, the young chieftain and a handful of his faithful followers lived safe in spite of the vigilant search of the thousands who were scouring the country day and night without intermission. They had a number of trained parrots and hawks that were let out. The former alighted on the fields in the country around. They were so well trained that they clipped with their beaks the ears of corn and brought them, times without number, for the little party to live comfortably upon. The hawks in their turn brought birds which also served for food. A little channel ran past this place under the rocks, and whenever water was needed two of the party inside came every night and removed a boulder under one of the rocks which allowed the water to rush inside and supply the wants of the besieged party. This boulder when removed also allowed room enough for one man to wriggle through, when he wanted either to go out or to get in. The people within were thus able to live comfortably and even luxuriously.

At a point in this channel, a shepherd youth was wont to meet the maiden he loved every evening, when she went with her pitcher to fetch water for her household. One day to her great wonderment, she observed the pitcher carried away by a current, when she allowed

it to float on the surface while she raised her hands to tie the knot of her hair. The youth who was conversing with her saw the vessel disappearing under a thick thorn bush; which closer examination showed was tangled about a fissure of a rock and which made it impossible for any man to see the cleft. This furnished the clue to the whereabouts of the party that had kidnapped the chieftain's daughter. The shepherd youth cut his way through the bush and kept his vigil day and night, and found at last that the water of the channel was taken in every night by two stalwart men who came to that exact place and removed a tightly fitting boulder, restoring it afterwards to its position in the rock. Now was the time for work. Twenty-five young men volunteered their services and under the guidance of the shepherd youth, the work of deliverance began. The question was as to who should be the first for the perilous peep. Here too it was the shepherd who boldly took the lead. He splashed the water so gently, and wriggled his body through so silently, that the two men inside were taken unawares and, before they were able to overpower him, all the twenty-five got in; the surprise was complete. The men inside were killed, the maiden was safely brought out and restored to her parents amidst the rejoicings of the people. Such is, in short, the story of the 'perilous peep,' more hazardous than the 'perilous climb' of the Edinburgh Castle rock on the night of the 14th of March, 1312.

Two hundred years later in the history of the Castle we come to the time of King James V. He was an amiable prince, loved by his subjects. He ascended the throne of his fathers in his fourteenth.

year, like Akbar the great Moghul who likewise came to the throne in his fourteenth year, fourteen years after the death of the Scottish king. Like Akbar, who was under the care of his chief minister Bairam, King James V was under the guardianship and practically under the control of the then Chancellor of Scotland, the Earl of Angus, called also 'the Red Douglas.' Akbar, when he was seventeen, deposed Bairam from his position, who was afterwards stabbed to death. And this is considered to be a dark blot in the life of the great Moghul. Likewise King James in 1528, when he was seventeen, overthrew the proud Douglas and banished him from his kingdom. But his hatred of the House of Douglas did not end here. There was one belonging to this family of the name of Janet Douglas, who after her marriage became Lady Glamis. Her first husband, Lord Glamis, having died, she married a second husband of the name of Archibald Campbell. She was reputed to be the most beautiful woman of her time, and many suitors sought her hand. One of them, a most unscrupulous man of the name of Lyon, wishing to have his revenge, because she indignantly refused his proposal of marriage, approached King James and insinuated that she, a woman of the hated house of Douglas, was planning to poison the king. The unfortunate lady was tried, and her appeal to the judges is worth reproduction here. "I am accused," she said, "of attempting to kill the king by *poison*. Poison! I never saw poison. Let them tell me where I bought it, or who procured it for me? Or, though I had it, how could I use it, since I never came near the King's person, his table, nor his palace. It is the office of you judges to protect innocence from injury. But if the malice and power of

my enemies be such, that whether guilty or innocent I must needs be condemned, I shall die cheerfully, having the testimony of a good conscience : and assure yourselves, you shall find it more easy to take away my life than to blast my reputation or to fix any real blot upon my memory." All this was of no avail. She was led to the place of her doom and burnt to death. Her husband and son saw the awful tragedy enacted before their eyes. The inconsolable husband, mad with grief, tried to escape and in the attempt fell a lifeless corpse at the foot of the Castle rock.

And here again my memory carries me back to the days when a similar tragedy was enacted in the fort of Tanjore in Southern India. Chokkanatha, the Naick ruler of Trichinopoly, wanted to wed the beautiful daughter of the king of Tanjore, but the latter would not give the damsel, and the refusal was couched in indignant terms. The rejected suitor invaded Tanjore in 1674 with a large army to bring away the princess by force. The old king of Tanjore, seeing no way of escape, thought that death rather than dishonour was the more honourable course. He shut up his daughter in a room in the fort, and placing around it several pots of gunpowder, blew it up and killed his daughter. Then arming himself for fight, he boldly went forth with his son to the field of battle and perished there, and thus saved his honour and that of his daughter, because the house of Chokkantha, who sought his daughter's hand, was unworthy to form an alliance with his own.

But the most interesting figure in the history of Scotland is Mary, Queen of Scots, who was born in the

castle of Edinburgh. The room where she first saw the light of day is shown to visitors as one of the interesting sights there. Here in the castle also it was that a son was born to her, who in his person afterwards united for the first time England and Scotland, that had been so long contending against each other. Here it was that a few years later this unfortunate queen began her downward career which, instead of calling forth indignation, excited the pity and even the sympathy of her people. With all her faults Queen Mary still commands the admiration of her countrymen, and there was a time once when no Scotsman would permit any one to speak disrespectfully of her or would hesitate to draw his rapier to preserve her name from calumny.

A woman equally admired and even beloved in Southern India is the great queen Mangamma. Many are the stories extant commemorating her good deeds. There are still to be seen rest-houses and water reservoirs constructed by her, and avenues of banyan trees planted by her and called after her name, extending for miles and miles, their hanging roots and branches extending and interlacing so closely as to form 'a sun-proof canopy overhead' for the thousands of pilgrims who throughout the days of the year go from all parts of the country to take a plunge in the holy waters of Rameswaram.

One story only will suffice to indicate the extent of the regard this good queen of South India was held in. When she visited the great temple of Palni, she noticed a man who had been offering his devotions to the deity in the *sanctum sanctorum* hurriedly moving off because he saw that the great queen had come there. Perceiving the deep religious fervour of the man she said

to him, '*Irungul*'—*Pray, remain, sir*. And by that respected title the family of that man has ever since come to be known, because the words came from the very lips of the great and revered queen Mangamma. But her last days were clouded by miseries unparalleled in the annals of our land. She was accused of carrying on an intrigue with her minister, and was thrown into prison and starved to death. Even this slow method of torturing her to death was made still more horrible. Food was placed near the bars of her prison close enough for her to see and smell it, but not so near as to allow her to reach it with her hands. But she bore all this with a patience and fortitude which exact our admiration. Equally unfortunate were the last days of her sister of the West. Mary's own people rebelled against her and imprisoned her. Then, escaping from her prison, she was foolish enough to allow her adherents to fight against her enemies who inflicted a disastrous defeat. Harassed on all sides she was driven as a last resource to seek refuge in England, throwing herself upon the mercy of her kinswoman, Elizabeth, who asked her to confirm her abdication of her rights. The reply she gave was worthy of her : "The eyes of the whole of Europe are upon me, and were I now to yield to my adversaries, I should be pronouncing my own condemnation. A thousand times rather would I submit to death than inflict this stain on my honour. The last words I speak shall be those of the Queen of Scotland." At length on the 7th of February, 1587, Queen Elizabeth signed the warrant for Mary's death. We are familiar with the picture of the painter, Liezenmayer, preserved in the Cologne museum, reproduced in books. There we find the English queen resting her left hand on the

table and leisurely stretching out the right to take the pen from the ink bottle, her face and her whole posture indicating that she did not realise the solemnity of her action. Thus closed the career of one of the most fascinating personalities in Scottish history. It was the misfortune of her life that she was first wedded to the amiable but weak Dauphin of France, and after his death to the irascible Darnley, her cousin, and then to the unscrupulous Bothwell. If her lot had been cast with a noble-minded man, her name would have been the most revered in all Scotland; and well has her biographer, Robertson, summed up her character: "The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and crimes. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue."

By far the most interesting sight in the castle is the Crown Room containing the Scottish Regalia—the Crown, Sword of State and Sceptre. The crown is said to have been worn by Bruce. The crown he had

previously worn fell into the hands of King Edward of England, by whom it was crushed to dust. After the battle of Bannockburn this crown was made for the victorious Bruce and it is 600 years old. The sword of state was presented to King James IV of Scotland by Pope Julius II two hundred years later. The sceptre was made for King James V a few years afterwards. These three form 'the Regalia of Scotland, and they have had an interesting history. The time of their greatest danger was when Cromwell marched on Edinburgh in 1651, when it was feared they would share at his hands the same fate as the Regalia of England had suffered, for they were to him 'mere baubles.' Accordingly on the 6th of June of that year the Scottish Parliament met hurriedly and decided to send them to be deposited in the castle of Dunnottar. But Cromwell was not to be outdone. His followers were pushing forward to secure them at any cost. But their attempts were foiled by the ingenuity of the wife of the minister of the parish church of Kinneff where the castle was situated. One day, she went with her maid on a visit to the wife of the Governor of the castle and returned after some time, when they were escorted safely through the English camp. The minister's wife returned with the crown concealed in her lap. The sceptre and sword were concealed in two bundles of lint which the maid carried. Subsequently these were buried by the minister and his wife, who alone knew the secret, underneath the floor of the Kirk of Kinneff. In the end, though the castle was seized and the governor and his wife were tortured, the Regalia were not forthcoming and they lay buried for about fifty-five years under the floor of the church. Thereafter, by the ratification of

the Treaty of Union with England, it was provided that "the crown, sceptre and sword continue to be kept as they are in that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland, and that they shall remain so in all time coming, notwithstanding of this Union." They were accordingly placed in a state box and kept hidden there from public view. One hundred and ten years after, through the powerful pleading of Sir Walter Scott, they were taken out and have been allowed ever since to be publicly exhibited.

Such is a brief history of these interesting relics called 'The Honours of Scotland' and of the castle where they are on view. Speaking of them, a living writer, well known in Madras,* says: "Their memories abide and their inspiration never dies. With an eloquence all their own, they speak to each passing generation of the Scotland of former days, and serve to keep alive the Scotsman's pride in his country and its story. The tales they tell may be marred occasionally by the human imperfections they reveal — sometimes also by the human sins — but far oftener it is otherwise, and both crown and castle are glorified by the noble record which is theirs, of the brave deeds and fervent loyalties of Scottish men and women in the service of their king, their country or their God."

Neither is my native land of Southern India wanting in its 'Honour.' No—and every South Indian is proud of the fact. At the great battle of Talikota, fought in 1565 on the banks of the Krishna, between the Hindu king of Vijianagar and the combined forces

* Dr. Ogilvie whose book *Castle Memories* has been used in the preparation of this chapter.

of four Muhammadan kingdoms, the former was defeated and killed. His brother removed to Chandragiri, seventy miles north-west of Madras, and finally settled there. Here, in the palace of Chandragiri in the early years of the 17th century, the minister usurped the throne, and the reigning king and all his progeny, except one son, were foully murdered.* That one, a boy of seven years of age, with the signet ring was carried off, an hour before the ghastly deed, by the king's washerman, concealed in a bundle of dirty clothes. The prince, Srirungaroya by name, in due time regained the throne of his fathers, and he it was that confirmed, on the 1st of March, 1639, the grant of that little plot of land upon which Fort St. George was built; and that little plot of land grew and expanded

Into an Empire huge, unwritten yet
On hist'ry's page
The grandest scene for God ever to cast
His loving eyes upon, and for the World
Of man to wonder at . .

By the Union of Scotland, England became Great Britain; but by the Act of the last representative of the 'Forgotten Empire' of Southern India, the foundation of a great Empire was laid and Great Britain became Greater Britain.

*For a fuller account, see my *Romance of Padmini*: Swann Sonnenschein & Co., London.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGIOUS SCOTLAND.

In tracing the religious history of a nation, the historian often takes note of the features of the soil from which the nation has sprung, and of the character of the people as it is exhibited both in the narrower relationships of the home and its immediate vicinity and in the wider relationships of society, and finally as it is reflected in the capacity of the greater minds to take serious thought of the new forces and tendencies which constantly appear in the affairs of human life and to adjust these new factors to the existing conditions. By way of illustration we may take Southern India, the land of the Dravidians, whom Bishop Caldwell has not inaptly styled "the Scotch of the East," and we may consider how it has left its impress on the religious beliefs of its inhabitants. It is a land of hills and dales, of rivers and watercourses, and of forests so abundant as to win for it its name, *Dandakarinya*. And, not least important, it is a land surrounded on three sides by an ocean, regarding which the legend goes that in its depths a continent lies submerged, 'Peninsular India' being only the remnant which has survived that mighty convulsion. The people who inhabit this land are one of the most emotional races in the world, with strong family ties, an intense attachment to the home and a never-failing affection for king, for preceptor and for the wise of the land whose receptivity to new influences in relation to the higher side of life

made them look with kindly eyes upon whatever 'in them was good and beautiful. The result has been the eclecticism and the ethical tinge for which the religion of the Dravidians is noteworthy.

The first beginnings of religion in Southern India were seen in the worship of the hills and rivers and trees, of storm and wind and fire and water. A number of superstitious rites and a vast legendary lore came to be associated with this early belief of the Dravidians. As time went on, about the sixth century of the Christian era, a simpler faith in the omnipresent and the invisible took its place, which found vent in poetry and song in a language which was peculiarly fitted to give expression to the intense devotion of the people. And this religion of the Dravidians became in effect a religion of poetry and song, of miracles and prophecies. In those times poetry was the handmaid of religion. Religion was taught by poetry ; miracles were performed by poetry ; and precocity in some of the early saints was first shown by their lisping the highest thoughts in numbers. It is related that a crocodile which had devoured a child became so enthralled by the music of the poetry of 'the sweet tongued' saint of Southern India that it restored the child alive to its mother. We read also how, when Sambanda, the poet and saint, sang his verses before the Pandyan king, who was converted to Jainism, the latter forgot his bodily pain and suffering and was straightway won back to Hinduism. It was the *impromptu* song of another saint that is said to have made a little girl born dumb to speak. Such was the great influence of poetry in Dravidian religion. No wonder, therefore, that when the pious Christian missionary Beschi, known to the people of the land as

Viramamunivar — the valiant and the great saint — came to India to preach Christianity, he first studied the language of the country and then popularised the life of Christ by his great poem of the *Thembavani*, which is even now recited in every Roman Catholic household in Southern India and by others besides. The marvellous and the supernatural elements in these songs of the Dravidians that are handed down to us by tradition are cherished to this day by the people.

The ethical writings and teachings of the Jains and the Buddhists contributed not a little to modify the original faith of the people. But it was at a serious cost. There were interminable religious feuds; and often devices, cruel and inhuman in their nature, were made use of to exterminate the adherents of other faiths. The religious life of the country in those days was one continuous record of persecution, of torture of men impaled on stakes with the iron spike on the top. Instances there were also of the votaries of different faiths being crushed to death in stone mills. It is inexplicable how good and saintly men, the preachers of religion in those days, allowed such persecutions to take place and laid themselves open to the charge of intolerance and inhuman cruelty.

Of a similar nature was the history of the religious life of Scotland. In the early centuries of the Christian era and before the Roman occupation of Britain, the people of Scotland, we read, were almost savage. They were "shaggy men and women hardly less wild-looking than the cattle on their mountains." The Druidical religion prevailed at the time, with its rites and practices performed by the priests who were the only repositories of religious knowledge.

Bishop Caldwell seems to favour the view that the early religion of the Dravidians was Druidical in character and argues that the resemblance of the barrows, cromlechs, etc., in Southern India and their contents "to the Druidical remains which are discovered in the ancient seats of the Celtic and Scythian races in Europe, seems to be too remarkable to be accounted for on any other supposition than that of their derivation from a common origin. Hence the people by whom Druidical rites were introduced in India must have brought them with them from Central Asia; and this would favour the conclusion that they must have entered India at a very early period — a period perhaps as early as the introduction of Druidical rites into Europe."

It was after the Romans occupied Britain that the people of Scotland came to know of Christianity; and it is surmised that Christianity must have been planted in that country by oriental Christians. St. Patrick was the first native of Scotland to preach Christianity. He went to Ireland in the fifth century of the Christian era and preached to the people in their native tongue. In the sixth century — in A. D. 563 — Columba, a native of Ireland, began his missionary labours. Columba was the father of the Celtic Church in Scotland, and the early preachers of the Christian religion there were, like the Dravidian preachers of old, men who had the true spirit of God in them. They preached and established their religion even by being aggressive like the Dravidian preachers. A Scottish writer remarks that in these preachers of the early Columban period were seen "in combination with their intense aggressiveness, a gentleness and

love appropriate to the calmest times. In these far-away islands, where between the roaring of the Atlantic waves, the howling of the wind in the glens, and the dashing of the snowdrift against the mountains, all the forces of tumult seemed to hold high revel, these men maintained a serenity of spirit that seemed the very counterpart of heaven."

Furthermore, the ministry of Columba and his successors, like that of the early Dravidian saints, was a ministry of poetry and song. As with the Dravidians, so with the Scotch, love of poetry was a national passion. We read that on one occasion when Columba was opposed by certain Druids, "he intoned a psalm with such marvellous effect that his enemies were reduced to silence, and the surrounding spectators trembled before him." We read also of another preacher that "the birds came to receive his caresses, the wolves instinctively shunned him."

As time went on this influence of the Celtic Church gradually ebbed away and at the end of the twelfth century we are told that no vestiges of it were left "save here and there roofless walls of what had been a church and the numerous old burying grounds to the use of which the people still clung with tenacity and where occasionally an ancient Celtic cross tells of its former state." Thereafter, the Scottish Church, with the help of the Kings of Scotland, became thoroughly Romanised, and this continued till the end of the fifteenth century. Those who dared to resist the authority of the Church as it then stood were persecuted and the stake and the faggot were brought into requisition. We have the testimony of Scottish writers that

the religious life of Scotland at this period was the reverse of what it ought to have been. "Both Church and State were steeped in corruption." "Sorcery, witchcraft and kindred superstitions had obtained such a footing on the soil that among our French neighbours our country was known as *la résidence favorite du diable*." Carlyle too describes Scotland at that time as "a country without a soul. Nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation the internal life is kindled as it were under the ribs of this outward, material death." The first great man that rose to kindle this internal life was Patrick Hamilton (1504—1528). Though quite young, he boldly lifted up his voice, but was soon condemned to the flames by his powerful enemies. Another voice was heard equally powerful, and it was the voice of Wishart, who too shared the fate of his predecessor. These men paved the way for the Reformation in Scotland and the most notable figure in that great struggle was John Knox. Froude says of him that "he created a nation while he reformed a church." And his influence was felt even in Europe, for, says Professor Blaikie, "In every country of the Reformation there have been men whose hearts have beat with higher hope, and whose sinews have knit themselves to higher effort, as they thought what by John Knox God did for Scotland."

Knox's good work was continued by his successors, earnest workers who laboured for their country till the middle of the seventeenth century when we come to what is called the Covenanting period in the religious history of Scotland. If the Reformation directed its work against Papacy, to remove every vestige of it

from the country, the Covenanters had Prelacy as the object of their attack; and it may be said generally that the Covenanters continued in a way the work of the Reformation also. Many places in Scotland bear testimony to the difficulties and sufferings undergone by the Covenanters, and I witnessed evidences of them in Stirling Castle. Edinburgh Castle, too, has its story to tell. The outcome of all this was that Presbyterianism came to have a strong hold on the country. To Scotland is due the achievement of this result—this democracy of religion. Presbyterian Scotland saw the religious life of the people widened by the infusion into it of the ethical element in the teachings of its preachers, and deepened as well by their devotion and fervour. 'Well has Wordsworth summed up the result in these words: "The hand which the Scottish Church held on her people was the strong hand of her purity." It is to Presbyterian Scotland that we owe in India those colleges established in the great centres of enlightenment and civilisation, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most eventful in the history of her connection with Britain, when she was tending towards downright materialism—colleges manned with teachers like Wilson, Duff, Hislop and Dr. Miller, and their successors, men known for their learning and piety and public zeal. These colleges have done not a little to mould the character of the people and influence their inner life. "The internal life," to use Carlyle's words, "was kindled as it were under the ribs of the outward material death."

Without some acquaintance with the great religious past of Scotland, some of the outstanding aspects of which have been so briefly touched on in the forego-

ing paragraphs, the visitor to Edinburgh would miss half the charm of the city. For the religious history of Scotland has had its centre in a peculiar degree in the capital city, where the democratically constituted supreme courts of the great Presbyterian Churches hold their annual meetings. It was to the stately pile of buildings in which one of these courts or 'General Assemblies' meets that I wended my way after the visit to Edinburgh Castle described in my last article. New College, of which the Assembly Hall forms a structural part, is one of the theological seminaries of the United Free Church of Scotland. It is built in a commanding position on the northern edge of the ridge which terminates, at its western end, in the Castle Rock. In the quadrangle of New College there stands a large bronze statue of John Knox, the work of the distinguished sculptor, John Hutchison, R. I. A. This statue has a peculiar interest for us in Madras, in that it was unveiled by Dr. Miller, who accepted it from the donors on behalf of his Church in his capacity as Moderator. Behind Knox's statue and forming the eastern boundary of the quadrangle is the United Free High Church. At the southern end there rises a broad flight of steps, giving access to the Assembly Hall already mentioned and to the smaller halls connected with it. On the walls of some of these there hang pictures in oil of eminent divines of that Church who attained the highest distinction it was in its power to bestow. I saw a beautiful painting of Dr. Wilson of Bombay in his moderator's dress and one of Dr. Murray Mitchell of Calcutta. But Dr. Miller's of Madras is conspicuous by its absence. It would indeed be a graceful act on the part of his old students to come forward and sub-

scribe for a portrait by an eminent artist and to present it to the Church which he has served so well and so long. No doubt, the clay model of Dr. Miller's statue, erected in Madras by public subscription, was presented by the artist, Mr. Furse, to the Free Church in Edinburgh; but being only a clay model it is fast decaying and in a few years it will disappear, leaving nothing in Edinburgh to remind Scotchmen of the great services rendered by their countryman to India.

Writing of religious Scotland, I must not omit to say a word as to how the Sabbath is spent by the citizens of Edinburgh. On Sunday, the 2nd of July, in the morning, I saw endless streams of men, women and children walking in the devoutest manner along the side-walks of the broad streets of the city to one or another of the numerous places of worship. Mr. Stevenson took me to St. Andrew's Church. It was here in this church that the General Assembly of the Scottish Church met in 1843 before the Disruption. And it was here the famous exodus of the Free Protestant Church took place. An hour after this great event when Lord Jeffrey was informed of this incident he exclaimed — "Thank God for Scotland! There is not another country on earth where such a deed could be done!" Here I heard Dr. Macgregor preach, and his sermon was, to use an Indian term, *sappy*. It was full of thoughts for the thinker and of literary elegance for the aesthetically minded. I came away immensely pleased, pleased that I had been enabled to hear one of the finest preachers of the city. His delivery was clear, calm and sonorous.

The city presented a deserted appearance during the day; the shops, markets and, in fact, all places of

business were closed. In the evening again I saw endless groups wending their way to the churches. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat took me in the evening to St. George's Church. Before I left London for Edinburgh, the Hon'ble Mr. Waldegrave had advised me not to miss hearing the most brilliant preacher of Scotland, Dr. Kelman, and to my intense joy I found that I was going to hear him. The spacious church was full. There were nearly 2,500 persons present. The style of Dr. Kelman's oratory was different from that of Dr. Macgregor's. His delivery was magnificent and the effect of it on the audience powerful ; while the one led his hearers on from one beautiful thought to another, clothing them in language which had a literary flavour and delivering his sermon in a manner most charming, the other by the force of his delivery and action showed that he entered fully into the spirit of what he was saying. I was greatly struck by Dr. Kelman's style of preaching. It was brilliant and soul-stirring. I was informed that these two preachers of Edinburgh preserve at the present day the best traditions of Scottish pulpit eloquence. After the service in St. George's was over, I met Dr. Kelman in the vestry. He was kind to me and expressed a desire to hear me speak. In the course of conversation it was mentioned that Dr. Miller ministered in that very church in the early sixties of last century, when he was assistant to Dr. Candlish. It may be of interest also to people in Madras to know that Professor Macphail, of the Madras Christian College, and Dr. Kelman were contemporaries both at school and college.

Such are, in brief, my impressions of religious Scotland. It may be that in giving them, I have gone

beyond the limits of my subject proper. A stranger writing on the religious history of a country will find it difficult to avoid the danger of confusing it with its ecclesiastical history. More especially is this the case when the subject treated of happens to be the religious history of a Christian country, where from the very beginning the questions of religion involved came to be identified with questions of the Church. Witness, for instance, how Catholicism came to be understood as identical with the Roman Church. And in Protestant Scotland, too, we find a similar tendency. A Scottish writer remarks: "Probably there is no country where the religious life of the people has had to be maintained in connection with so much ecclesiastical controversy as Scotland. It has been a necessity of our country, and it were very unjust to blame our fathers for contending earnestly, as they believed they were called to do, for the faith once delivered to the saints. But it is not less a fact that this necessity communicated a certain hotness and roughness to the religious life of Scotland, the consequence of which is, that, as compared with some other communities of Christians, those of Scotland have been deficient in the gentler virtues — in forbearance, good temper, patience, charity." Here is a point for the consideration of the student of the religious history of Southern India who desires to trace the resemblances between it and that of Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

“A SCHOLAR’S PILGRIMAGE TO THE ABODE OF A GURU.”

Of all the events which I looked forward to with pleasure in connection with my visit to Europe, the fulfilment of the long-cherished desire of a visit to Scotland, which meant the performance of a duty which I owed to my revered master, Principal Miller, afforded me special prospective pleasure. To one who wrote of that country in the following strain, this was natural enough. “In all India, no race or section of people resembles the Scottish race more than the Southerners of India, I mean the Dravidians. Like the Scots we are intensely religious. India’s greatest philosophers and religious thinkers, Sankara, Ramanuja, and Madhava, were from the south, which is to India what metaphysical Scotland is to Britain. Like the Scots we fondly cling to our home, our village of nativity, and to our country. Like Scotland, Southern India is the land of romance, and it is the romantic South that impressed a recent French traveller more than any other part of India, and according to Kipling it is here that a great part of the poetry of dead India lies. Our ancient poets, before Brahminical influence was felt, sang of love and war only. We are a feelingful and impressionable people and in this we approach the sentimental Scot. Like the canny sons of Scotland we are thrifty and cautious; and like the Scot abroad, the

enterprising Tamilian is found flourishing in Burmah, Java, Singapore, Penang, Saigon and in Mauritius and South Africa. The land of the conjee is thus in many respects like the land of cakes." The typical Scotsman whose name is a household word in Southern India and who is considered as one of themselves by the people has his present home in Bridge of Allan.

That beautiful village—they call it a town because it has two thousand inhabitants—is about an hour's journey from the capital of Scotland. An early train on the 3rd of July last took us there, myself and my nephew; and as soon as we alighted from the train, a well-dressed man, driver of a bus, seeing that both of us had the Indian garb on, addressed us saying—"One shilling a head to *Burgo Park*." I suppose it was a foregone conclusion with him that the two Indians had come there on a visit to Principal Miller residing in 'Burgo Park.' A drive of fifteen minutes brought us to the very entrance of the building, and in another instant I was face to face with Dr. Miller, whom I had last seen on the 14th of March, 1907, when he left India for good, after a service of well-nigh half a century. He made many enquiries of my voyage and of my doings in France, London and Edinburgh. We were given comfortable rooms in the building, which is a substantially built one, having about ten or fifteen large rooms, and fit to be the living place of one of Scotland's living worthies. It is one of the best, if not the best, in the village. An Indian would certainly call it palatial. The grounds are neatly kept and are about seven or eight acres in extent. After I had breakfasted, Dr. Miller took me over his little orchard and vegetable garden and the whole of his grounds, where he

knows every tree and by-path, and subsequently for a walk in the village, whose streets and houses he knows intimately. He is able to take his morning and evening walks unattended and to put into the post-box his letters. The village has three places of worship, two banks, a goodly number of shops and many elegant residences with little gardens well looked after. Years ago it was considered a health resort on account of its mineral waters, but it has not the same reputation now. The climate is mild; the low range of hills on the back of the village protects it from the cold piercing blasts of winter.

‘Burgo Park,’ by which name Dr. Miller’s residence is called, is about a mile from the Wallace Monument, on a plain near which the great battle of Stirling Bridge was fought on the 11th of September, 1297; about two miles from Stirling, whose castle, situated on the top of a hill, is certainly ‘more interesting than Edinburgh castle; and about three miles from the field of the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on the 24th of June, 1314. The ‘slow-footed’ Forth winds slowly and loves perhaps to linger longer on this classic spot, where every field and plain has some historic association connected with it.

The neighbourhood of ‘Burgo Park’ may, therefore, be said to be the most historic part of historic Scotland; and no patriotic Scot who has spent his lifetime abroad could wish a better place to spend the evening of his life than Bridge of Allan, rich in traditions of a stirring past and fit to keep fresh the memories of chivalrous and perfervid Scotland.

In this spot, then, Principal Miller lives, though he still loves to speak of his ‘Eachinkadu Bungalow’ on

the Shevaroyes. His time is divided between carrying on correspondence with his "old boys," which is still very considerable, and reading newspapers and books with the aid of his private secretary and receiving guests that constantly go there to spend a day or two. His life on the whole is a happy one, and, I would add, an enviable one, for the consolations of a well-spent life are his, and every well-wisher of that good man could not wish a better solace for him in his present circumstances.

During my stay with him, Mr. C. A. Paterson, to whom Dr. Miller had written acquainting him of my coming visit, came from Dollar on his bicycle. He is still the same ardent cyclist that he was while in Madras. He stayed with us the whole of Tuesday, the 4th of July. Mr. Paterson took me to the Wallace monument, which cost about £ 15,000—about two and a quarter lakhs of rupees. It contains some interesting relics in its 'Hall of Heroes' and busts of some of Scotland's great men. There is a bronze bust of "the Sage of Chelsea," whose nephew I was privileged to see in Edinburgh with my old professor, Mr. Stevenson. I saw some interesting relics in Mr. Carlyle's house, presents to his uncle from Goethe, Thackeray and others, and books with writings in Carlyle's own hand, giving expression to thoughts characteristic of the man and the writer. In the 'Hall of Heroes' I saw the bust in marble of Sir Walter Scott, whose house in Edinburgh I visited with Professor Moffat, the house where he wrote most of his novels. There was also to be seen the bust of John Knox, "who never feared the face of man." I saw in Edinburgh a fine statue of this great ecclesiastic, and a photograph of it in Dr. Miller's

study in 'Burgo Park.' Dr. Miller explained to me that the photograph was a present to him by the donor of the statue in Edinburgh, which Dr. Miller accepted officially on behalf of his Church when he was the Moderator. There was also to be found there the bust of Dr. Chalmers, the famous pulpit orator, whose eloquence compelled one of England's great orators to whisper to another great orator of England sitting by him the remark, "the tartan beats us," when they were under the spell of his eloquence. There were also the busts of many other eminent Scotchmen. But the most interesting of all was the Wallace sword, which originally measured five feet four inches. Near that sword were found the following words: "The sword that seemed fit for archangel to wield was light in his terrible hand." Besides the busts and this sword there was a collection of autograph letters from Garibaldi, Kossuth, Mazzini and others.

Dr. Miller's private secretary took me to view Stirling and its castle. I have a good deal to write about them and there is a good deal also to interest the historian and the antiquarian. Some of the inscriptions in the castle reminded me of some of those that are to be met with on the walls of Indian temples — crude ideas put in quaint forms. Here are some —

I pray all lookers on this lodging
With gentle eye to give their judging.
The more I stand on open height
My faults more subject are to sight.
Espy, speak forth, and spare not,
Consider well I care not.

From Stirling, we went to view the field where the battle of Bannockburn was fought. While there,

I heard of a Scot who makes it the business of his life to go about the country in his quaint old Scottish dress and leather hat, celebrating the anniversaries of great events in the history of Scotland. I was therefore enabled to see some of the decorations of this year's anniversary held on the 24th June.

During the four days I stayed with Principal Miller we talked about old Madras days; he made enquiries about many old students of the College. I read to him some letters I received before my departure for England from old students, asking me to convey their warm remembrances to their old master. I read to him some chapters from my new romance of 'The Dive for Death.' He followed them with close interest and his criticism of my views of human life made me feel that his intellect was still vigorous.

On the 6th of July, at about three o'clock, I left Bridge of Allan, and it was with poignant grief I parted from him. Dr. Miller and his brother, Dr. Alexander Miller, accompanied us to the place near Burgo Park where the tramcar stops. Although there was then the probability of another visit to Bridge of Allan, in view of the coming quincennial celebration of St. Andrew's University, for which I received an invitation, still there was a something in me that made me think that it would probably be my last meeting with him who had influenced my life more than any one else. As the tramcar moved away, I fixed my eyes upon the retreating figure of my venerable master. I then thought of Edwin Arnold's description of his visit to the late Laureate in Farringford, Isle of Wight, wherein the author of *The Light of Asia* describes how, after Tennyson took leave of him in the garden outside the house, he

stopped and gazed with sadness upon the retreating figure of "the great singer whose majestic and melodious verse has furnished expression for the thoughts of the century." I felt likewise. When the venerable figure disappeared from view I thought probably it was the last I was destined to see of him who, for nearly half a century, influenced the thought and character of the people of Southern India—the land which still occupies so large a part of his thoughts. Such is a brief account of my visit to 'Burgo Park' which the Editor of the 'Christian College Magazine' was pleased to characterize as "a scholar's pilgrimage to the abode of a guru."

On the 24th July, two days before my departure for India, I received the following message from Dr. Miller for communication to his old friends here.

BURGO PARK,
BRIDGE OF ALLAN,
SCOTLAND.

Mr. Ramakrishna Pillai, whose visit to this country has been a pleasure to me and many others, and I hope also to himself, was good enough, when he recently stayed for a day or two here, to convey to me kind messages and good wishes from many former students and other friends in India. He also read to me several letters received by him when he was leaving Madras, as from the Honourable Mr. Justice Sundara Aiyar, and from Mr. J. Satya Nadar in the name of the Christian Association over which he now presides, not to mention others. The writers of the letters thus read to me asked him to convey to me their express salutations and kind remembrances. Besides the friends

whose letters he had with him he mentioned many others who had requested him to tell me that I am still held in affectionate remembrance by not a few in various parts of Southern India.

Mr. Ramakrishna is now about to return to Madras, where he will doubtless sooner or later come in contact with most of those who wrote or spoke to him in the sense that I have just referred to. I take advantage of the opportunity afforded by his return to assure all in whose name he spoke to me that much pleasure has been given me by the salutations he carried with him. I entrust him with the task of amplifying this brief message of thanks so as to express with some measure of adequacy the satisfaction given me by the messages he brought. I do not think he will find it possible, and certainly he will not find it easy, to say more in this direction than I actually feel. Nothing gives me greater pleasure or consolation in my unprofitable seclusion than to learn that I am still thought of by those with whom I had some influence in bygone years as one who contributed something to the lasting good of the people of Southern India.

Mr. Ramakrishna, I am sure, will express my feelings better and more sufficingly than I can do in this hasty communication. With kind regards and all possible good wishes to all in India who still desire to hear of me, I subscribe myself, in such manner as it is possible for a blind man to do, as their old friend,

(Signed) WILLIAM MILLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITERARY SCOTLAND

The ancient literature of the Dravidians of Southern India is mostly the outward expression of human feelings in their tenderest form and of the stern ideals of manhood. *Love* and *War* were the themes its ancient poets revelled in. Latterly, the softening influence of Aryan civilisation, its ideals cast in different moulds, its legends and superstitions, took a strong hold on the minds of the people and began to affect their thoughts and feelings ; so much so, that, at various periods of their history, there appeared brave souls who felt impatient of these northern fetters and struggled hard to be free. They thought that abstract meditation for the attainment of eternal beatitude after death was not the true vocation of man. They realized the dignity of life, and felt it as something serious, with high moral purposes. The author of the immortal *Kural* in Tamil was one who felt thus. In later times, Vemana the famous Telugu singer, and the poets of the Sidhar School scoffed derisively at the superstitions of the North and its legends. Such, in brief, are the outstanding features of the literature of the Dravidians of Southern India.

For a native of Southern India brought up amidst such literature, the literature of Scotland must indeed possess great attraction. The minstrels who were the repositories of the poetry and romance of Southern India have their parallel in those of Scotland ; and to the poets who sang of the higher themes of human

existence and religion, correspond, in Scotland, her gifted teachers who hated all cant, who found no satisfaction in the traditionary interpretations of religious beliefs, who feared the face of no man on earth, and openly set the all-powerful dignitaries of the Church at defiance. Thus do we see these remarkable affinities in the literary histories of the Dravidians and the Scots. The names that stand prominently forward as typical of these two special characteristics in the history of Scottish literature are Sir Walter Scott, who represents the chivalry and romance of Scotland, and Thomas Carlyle, who, like the Eastern sage, poured forth the fire of his burning soul. Well has Froude, his biographer, summed up his teaching, "He has not sunk into superstition, he has not rushed into atheism." It is this characteristic in his teaching that provoked the remark from Tennyson, "Carlyle is the most reverent and most irreverent man I know." During my recent visit to Scotland, it was my peculiar fortune to spend an hour with Carlyle's nephew in company with my old professor of the Christian College, the Reverend William Stevenson. This memorable hour I will never forget. Carlyle has been my favourite author from my student days, and any one familiar with my writings knows how often I have quoted Carlyle. To me, used to Indian ways of viewing gifted teachers of mankind, Carlyle is a veritable seer, a prophet with a fire burning in him. He knew he had a mission to perform in this world. He loved to wander in solitude amongst the hills and rocks of his country and to draw his inspiration from nature. This idea of great teachers realizing their mission and feeling that there was something in them which impelled them to go forth into the world and

teach, Carlyle has himself expressed in his own characteristic manner. "Brother Ringletub, the missionary," says he "inquired of Ram-Dass—a Hindu man-god, who had set up for godhood lately — what he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind. To which Ram-Dass at once answered—He had *fire enough in his belly* to burn up all the sins of the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him, for surely it is the test of every divine man, and without it he is not divine or great, — that he *have* fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world: why else is he there? ... And yet a great man without *such* fire in him burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in nature. A great man is ever.....possessed with an *idea*."

This was Carlyle's view of his own mission ; hence the attraction of anything pertaining to this prophet of the nineteenth century. Book after book written on in Carlyle's hand was shown to us by his nephew, books which he presented to his wife. The following is a translation of German verses inscribed in a privately bound volume of his Essays up to 1833.

' To Jeanie

' My works, all too ragged children
' Of cruel Fortune, of distorted mind,
' Stand at thy judgment seat, like condemned criminals
' Dearest, but not over-stern, arbitress.'

On the first edition of his Schiller is written in German:—"Dedicated and inscribed to the maiden who has inspirited me, who is the hope of my life".

This was before his marriage which took place in October, 1826.

On *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*—"To mine ever dearest"; and on *Sartor Resartus* (first English edition): "To my own Jane Carlyle in remembrance and hope. T. C." (both inscriptions being in the German tongue). On *Sartor Resartus* (bound sheets of Fraser's Magazine) is found—"To Jane W. Carlyle, this little book, little milestone in a desolate, confused, yet not (as we hope) unblessed pilgrimage we make in common, is with heart's gratitude inscribed by her affectionate T. C."

On the third edition of the same book, there appears the following:—"Jane W. Carlyle, First Patroness of this book, against the whole world once,—thanks to her. T. C., Chelsea 25th December 1848." On the *Life of John Sterling*—"Jane W. Carlyle, her book (by many titles, Heaven bless her), T. C."

Frederick the Great.—"To Jane W. Carlyle (*Hers* by all titles!), from her ever affectionate T. Carlyle, Chelsea, 29th September 1858. (While *she* is in the railway, returning hither)."

Other inscriptions on other books there were, all tending to show his regard and affection for his wife throughout, from the year 1823 to 1858. To a literary man, the publication of a new book coming from his pen is an event in his life, and Carlyle always took care to send his books to his wife, "a woman of exceptional originality and genius." And the impression one forms after a perusal of these is that their married life was on the whole happy, despite Froude's estimate of it as "miserable." But it may be interesting to note what

Tennyson thought of it, Tennyson who enjoyed Carlyle's intimate friendship. This is what the late Laureate said — "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle on the whole enjoyed life together, else they would not have chaffed one another so heartily."

Passing from this unpleasant controversy, I come now to books presented to Carlyle by his distinguished contemporaries, who treated him as their chief. So early in his literary career as the year 1824, Goethe saw in this unknown Scotchman of twenty-nine the characteristics of a true man of genius, and spoke of him "as a new moral force, the extent and effects of which it is impossible to predict." In 1827, the great German presents to him and his wife a book with the following :—"To the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle—very grateful for friendly co-operation." In 1871 Arthur Helps sends his book to "Thomas Carlyle, from the author, with his affectionate regards." W. R. S. Ralston sends his with these words :—"Pray accept as an expression, however inadequate, of gratitude to you for much benefit derived from the teaching of your books."

For Ruskin, Carlyle always entertained the highest respect. Of him, Carlyle wrote in one of his letters — "There is, in singular environment, a ray of real Heaven in Ruskin. Passages of that last book, *Queen of the Air*, went into my heart like arrows." Ruskin remembers him and sends a book in 1872, with these words: "Thomas Carlyle, with John Ruskin's faithful love". Browning too thus—"To Thomas Carlyle with the affectionate veneration of R. B." I found that Tennyson sent two of his books—on one the following :—"Thomas Carlyle from his old friend A. T.," and on

the other :—“To my dear old friend, Thomas Carlyle, from A. Tennyson.”

Tennyson and Carlyle were the greatest literary luminaries of the nineteenth century. Froude writes: “The present generation, which has grown up in an open spiritual ocean, which has got used to it and has learned to swim for itself, will never know what it was to find the lights all drifting, the compasses all awry, and nothing left to steer by except the stars. In this condition the best and the bravest determined to have done with insincerity, to find ground under their feet....., to learn how much and what we could honestly regard as true, and believe that and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry; Carlyle in what was called prose, though prose it was not, but something by itself, with a form and melody of its own.”

Emerson, too, who was to the New World what Tennyson and Carlyle were to the Europe of last century, sends more than one book. On one is found written :—“To Thomas Carlyle, with the unchangeable affection of his old friend R. W. Emerson.”

On another is the following :—“To the general-in-chief from his Lieutenant.” This reminds me of the letter which Kipling wrote to Tennyson when the latter complimented him on his poem of “The English Flag.” Kipling replied :—“When the private in the ranks is praised by the General, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day.”

I give a few more inscriptions :—

From John Forster—“With an old friend’s admiration and affection, to Thomas Carlyle.”

From Leigh Hunt — "Thomas Carlyle, with the Author's cordial regards."

From John Tyndall — (1) "To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., from his ever faithful Lieutenant, John Tyndall." (2) "To Thomas Carlyle from one who has been his Debtor." (3) "To the Man who above all others conferred strength and elevation on my life, I offer this book — John Tyndall."

From John Morley — "Thomas Carlyle, Esq., with the writer's profound respect." These and many others I was privileged to see.

I must not fail to mention here that my old master, Mr. Stevenson, during our conversations with Mr. Carlyle, treated us to a little incident of the first and only occasion when he saw Carlyle. When he described it in eloquent language, my memory carried me back to my student days in the early-seventies of the last century, when I sat at his feet almost every day. The incident he described took place, he said, in 1860, when Carlyle was on a visit to Thurso Castle, as a guest of Sir Edward Sinclair. It was then that, in a letter to his wife, he wrote, he "walked along the many sounding shore with a book, a cape and a little tobacco, some mile or two among the cliffs and crags; not a human being visible; only the grand ever murmuring sea; Pentland Firth clear as crystal, with Orkney, Hoy Island, a fine precipitous sea-girt mountain, to our left, and Dunnet Head some six or seven miles ahead. There I sat and sauntered in the devou-test, quietest and handsomest mood I have been in for many months."

This is how Mr. Stevenson described the incident. I give his own words :—

“During August and September 1860 I was staying with friends at Thurso on the north coast of Scotland. Their house on the right bank of the Thurso river—the town is on the left bank—had an open outlook on Thurso Castle, which stands near the mouth of the river and looks over the wide bay to the Orkneys beyond. At that time the castle was owned and occupied by Sir George Sinclair, a venerable man held in much esteem throughout Scotland for his public philanthropic work*. He was a friend of Thomas Carlyle, and at the time I have mentioned Carlyle was his guest. This was of great interest to me, for just two years before, I had become a reader of Carlyle’s books, and owed not a little to his teaching and inspiration. Of the young men of that time who learned to think for themselves, there were few who were not indebted to him for much of their mental and moral awakening. It was therefore an event to come within sight of the prophet and to see him in bodily reality. The privilege, however, was not easy to come at, at least to look him in the face. He was rarely seen out of doors, except in the dusk when he emerged in Highland cloak and wide-awake hat to saunter up and down the avenue which led up to the castle. It was thus I first saw him, and I was content, for I felt that he was in character as he walked in solitary contemplation under the shadow of the trees and the departing day.

* It will interest readers in Madras to know that our Governor, H. E. Lord Pentland, is related to Carlyle’s friend whose full appellation was Sir George Sinclair, Bart. of Ulbster.

On one occasion during that time I came a little closer to him. One day the friends I was staying with planned an expedition to John O'Groat's House, the well-known extremity of the island at the north-east point of Duncansbay Head. It was a drive of some three hours, and we reached the little inn at Huna in the early afternoon. Just as we were sitting down to a meal in the principal room, another conveyance drove up, and we soon learned that it brought a party from Thurso Castle, one of whom was Carlyle. We at once intimated to the land-lady that we would make way for them, but this they would not hear of. When we had finished our repast, we went out to the high cliffs which guard the Pentland Firth, and by and by made our way down to the beach below, where we amused ourselves with what was to be seen and picked up. The beautiful rose tinted John O'Groat shells were always worth gathering. One fact in natural history I learned that day, namely, that hares can swim. For one had found its way to the beach, and alarmed by the hurricane it suddenly encountered, it stole to the water and swam out to a rock some 20 yards off and took shelter among the sea-weed.

When our attention was diverted from this incident, and we turned to climb the cliffs again, looking up we saw a solitary figure pacing along the heights with staff in hand, and wearing the Highland clock and wide-awake. There was no mistaking who it was. We stood and watched for a time as he slowly strode along the high precipitous cliff, possibly looking out on the rushing tide of the Firth and the islands beyond, and the North Sea stretching away to Norway and the Polar regions, but apparently more absorbed in his own

thoughts, and we wondered what they might be. We soon turned homeward, but that figure remained imprinted on the tablets of memory and remains vivid to this day after more than half a century."

Such is an account of an hour with Carlyle's nephew who, after I returned to India, sent me a copy of his uncle's *Historical Sketches*, edited by himself, with this little inscription on it which to me is a precious possession—"To T. Ramakrishna with much esteem and many kind regards from Alexander Carlyle.

Here eyes do regard you,
In eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair inot.

Edinburgh, 16th September, 1911."

Of quite another type was Sir Walter Scott. Unlike Carlyle he was no teacher who felt he had a mission in the world. He was no seer who took his inspiration from the solitudes of the hills and cliffs of his native Scotland, absorbed in his own thoughts of finding out the answer to the great central question of what this world is and what is man's business in it. Indeed Carlyle himself has said of Scott that "his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*.....Winged words were not his vocation. Nothing urged him that way: the great mystery of existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer; to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us' did he, either led or driven, venture down". This

is not exactly true. Carlyle is not quite correct in his estimate of his own countryman. In life Scott did wrestle with superhuman difficulties like a man, and he perished. He had something of the martyr in him. In the whole history of the literature of the world, there is no instance to surpass or even equal this great man's efforts to brave the miseries of his life. It was indeed a great lesson that he taught his country and his time when the morality of society in general was in a low condition, if we are to believe contemporary writers. The hypocrisy and the dishonesty of the age were often attacked. There is a passage from a book which roused much interest at the time. "There are persons who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters; there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors. And there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. We have acts of generosity, self-denial, and honesty where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues." Such was the age Scott lived in.

His noble efforts to wipe off the debt incurred by the failure of his publishing house are the wonder and admiration of succeeding generations. One instance only there is which comes very near to his self-denying effort,—that of a poet in the history of the literature of my native land, who in the heroic but superhuman task of fulfilling his word had succeeded but died, alas! in the hour of his triumph. Yet even this does not come up to the great miracle of the Scotchman's life.

In South India a powerful chieftain was once heard to say, when a poem of four hundred quatrains, each

quatrain describing one phase of woman's modesty, was recited to him — "Is it possible for a poet to sing all the four hundred quatrains explaining one phase only of woman's modesty?" The poet attached to his court answered—*nan* (I) *nuru* (one hundred) *paduvèni* (I can sing). But the combination of the first two words, *nanuru*, means either *I-one-hundred* or *four hundred*. Time was asked and given, and poet and prince parted, the poet who said "I, I can sing, one hundred" and prince who understood it as "I can sing four hundred." The ambitious poet worked hard day and night and was nearing the end of his one hundred when by chance he heard that his patron was expecting him to come with four hundred. With redoubled vigour, he worked day and night, finished the four hundred and pleased his master. But it was at the expense of his own life. And like the Dravidian poet, Scott said — *give me time*. Like his Indian brother he worked day and night and almost succeeded by his pen in clearing off the debt of £100,000, that is, fifteen lakhs of rupees. History does not record a more touching and more ennobling example of human perseverance and honesty. This old man of Scotland toiled hard day and night in a small room in a house in one of the streets of Edinburgh. And from there he poured forth the fruits of his toil incessantly, and no one knew the author.

"A gay party of young men were sitting over their wine in a house in George Street upon one of those summer evenings, when the host drew attention to a window, where a solitary hand appeared, working without stay or weariness at a desk, and tossing down page after page of manuscript upon a rising heap. 'It is the same every night' said young Menzies; 'I can't

stand the sight of it when' I am not at my books. Still it goes on unwearied,—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and nobody knows how long after that.' It was Sir Walter Scott's hand, writing the last Volumes of *Waverley*, seen as he sat in a back room of that house in North Castle Street No. 39 which was long his Edinburgh residence." This house I saw with my friend Professor Moffat. Thousands of years ago, Belshazzar, King of Babylon, was with his nobles in the great hall of his palace making himself merry and gay;

'In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand,
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand'

the words "weighed in the balance and found wanting." But when I stood on the street of Modern Athens eight thousand miles away from my home and gazed upon that house where in a small room the vision of a hand appeared writing day and night, and telling the great lesson of a great life—'weighed indeed and found not wanting', I thought the scene enacted in that small room was more memorable than that enacted thousands of years ago in the great hall of famous Babylon that was, more rich in the grandeur of its adversity than was that recorded in the Old Testament in the grandeur of prosperity.

CHAPTER IX.

ACADEMIC SCOTLAND.

“Temples of Learning”—this is how an Indian visitor of the present day would be inclined to express his impressions of the universities of Britain, where the older ones, at least, are inseparably associated with the Christian Church. His previous experience of universities has been confined to those of India, where they are purely secular institutions. When I went to Oxford and Cambridge and saw Christian chapels attached to the Colleges, showing an ancientness of appearance and possessing histories as old as those of the academies themselves, my thoughts carried me back to those bygone days when universities existed in India not unlike similar modern institutions of the West. The idea of a university, as conceived in those days, bore a remarkable resemblance to the modern conception of such institutions in civilised Europe. And this impression became more marked when I went to Scotland and learned something of its universities.

We know something of the ancient universities of Asia. Most of these were situated in India. These old seats of learning were mostly appendages to the convents attached to temples. The monks therein regarded the work of imparting knowledge as a service rendered to religion. It is to the Buddhists in India that we owe in a great measure this conception of a university existing as a part, and a very important part, of religion. These centres of learning in Northern India

attracted thousands of students from all parts of Asia, even from distant China. When Fa Hian of China with a companion' went to India in the sixth century A. D., the monks exclaimed: "Wonderful! to think that men from the frontiers of the earth should come so far as this from a desire to search for the law." Hiwen Tchang, the Chinese pilgrim, who travelled in India in the seventh century A. D., speaks of the monks attached to the Nalanda University in the North of India, several thousands in numbers, as men of "the highest ability, talent, and distinction." "The countries of India," he writes, "respect them and follow them. The day is not sufficient for asking and answering profound questions. From morning till night they engage in discussion. The old and the young mutually help one another. Those who cannot discuss questions are little esteemed and are obliged to hide themselves for shame. Learned men from different cities on this account, who desire to acquire quickly a renown in discussion, come here in multitudes to settle their doubts; and then the streams (of wisdom) spread far and wide. For this reason, some persons usurp the name (of Nalanda students) and going to and fro receive honour in consequence." Many of the students of these ancient universities, each of them impressed with the culture of his *alma mater* and imbued with the zeal and the unselfishness of his masters, went forth to all parts of the continent and spread the wisdom of India, her philosophy and religion and the highest thoughts found in her literature.

Coming to Africa, we read of the University of El Azhar in Egypt— "the central university of the entire Moslem world," religion being likewise the source of

her inspiration ; a university dating as far back as 975 A. D., where all knowledge is made subservient to religion and becomes blended with the spirit and the teachings of Islam. It has at the present day on its rolls ten thousand students coming to it from Turkey, Morocco, Algiers and even from Arabia and Mecca. Its progress has been slow during the one thousand years of its existence. It has been moving like a ponderous machine, every part of which is encrusted with beliefs hard to alter, religion never slackening her grip. Never in the course of its long history did it manifest a desire to rid itself of its thoroughly orthodox elements. Here we behold the spectacle of a university in this twentieth century failing to keep pace with the progressive tendencies of modern times. Only recently was a mild change introduced, enforcing on the students the necessity of passing examinations before going to a higher class. It used to be on the certificates simply of their teachers that the students were allowed to pass from a lower to a higher class after staying there for a fixed period. This novel but most salutary change stirred the deepest passions of the students, and troubles arose which threatened to assume very serious proportions. So thoroughly conservative is this university, that a living writer who visited it recently was compelled to write about it as follows :—"The contrasts between this, the greatest of the eastern universities, and any university in any European city are so striking and even immeasurable that it is almost difficult to imagine that the two things could be called by the same name, or that the two races and creeds could belong to the same planet."

Lastly, coming to Christian Europe, we read this higher education, as we understand that phrase, was confined, mostly if not wholly, to the priestly class, until the fifteenth century. At the beginning of that century, that continent possessed fifty universities, twenty-two in Italy, eleven in France, seven in Spain, six in Germany, two in England, one in Portugal and one in Poland. Those of England—Oxford and Cambridge—came into existence in the thirteenth century. The state of higher education in Scotland, even up to the fourteenth century, was such that “it was almost impossible to produce a single instance of a Scots baron who could sign his own name.” Such of her sons as wished to have the benefit of a university training were compelled to go to Oxford or Cambridge. But the state of political feeling between the two countries was getting more and more strained, and Scottish students were compelled to seek the universities of Paris and Geneva. Scotland, therefore, on account of the deplorable state of education there, and also on account of her sons finding it necessary to go to the continent for their education, felt it a matter of sheer necessity to have universities of her own. The University of St. Andrews was accordingly founded in 1411, that of Glasgow in 1450, and that of Aberdeen in 1494, while the last, the University of Edinburgh, was founded in 1583. These universities were Christian in their very inception and their subsequent developments were due to the inspiring force of that religion and the broadening influence of Scotland’s great minds.

Before proceeding to trace the history of academic Scotland, it may perhaps be well for me, adhering to the manner of treatment of the subjects taken up in

this book to introduce here a short account of the ancient Dravidian University of Madura, the only one that ever existed in Southern India. Much of it is wrapped up in mystery. Most of what we know about it is merely traditional. Although authentic accounts are not available to the extent that we might desire, still there are sufficient references to it in the literature of our country to indicate the extent of its influence and the manner of its recognition of great authors. They show that it was in existence even before the Christian era, and that the most flourishing period of its history was in the early years of that era. This academy owed its origin to the desire of the people for all knowledge about religion. Here, as in Northern India, the credit for this development was due largely to the Buddhists and the Jains. The idea of an institution reared by human hands taking upon itself the task of putting its mark of recognition on the works of the great writers of song is no doubt foreign to the spirit of the Hindu religion. The power to sing is a God-given gift. No man, no king, no institution, though it be composed of all the wisest of the land, can be worthy to honour the God-sent poet. But it was the spirit of enquiry and a desire to know other religions that prompted the Hindus to join in bringing into existence this university, to serve as an intellectual centre to which all men of learning might bring the results of their labours. As time went on, its influence became very powerful, and in the end it developed into an institution conferring distinctions on worthy authors, who flocked to it from all parts of the country ; and, latterly, the belief became general that God's hand was seen in its workings. Its decisions were, therefore,

accepted as final and binding. No one dared to question the merits of the books approved by it. They were recognized as standard works and they form at the present day the most valuable portion of the literature of the land. The subjects that came within its range were grammar and rhetoric, astrology and divination, ethics and philosophy, and medicine and religion.

This university was composed of the chancellor in the person of the Pandiyan king of Madura, who belonged to the lunar race of kings. It had, besides, forty nine members one of whom was the vice-chancellor. When it was at the height of its glory, the great author Narkirar, a chank cutter by caste and Hindu by faith, was the vice-chancellor. Another of the fellows — a Buddhist — was the official censor of the university. The books submitted for approval had to pass through his hands. The fellows or professors as they were called were all of them famous authors and had each a number of students whom they taught in their homes. The university was thoroughly cosmopolitan in its composition, for among its fellows were Hindus, Jains, and Buddhists. Its place of habitation was the great temple of Madura, and the meeting place of the fellows in the temple was called the *Sangappalagai*, the meeting plank or seat, or board of meeting. How strikingly similar this is to the *Sanhedrim* of the Jews, we read of in the Gospels, will be apparent from the meaning of that word, which is derived from *sun*, *together* and *hedra*, *a seat*, a council, assembly or company of people sitting together, exactly what is conveyed by the term *Sangappalagai*. The *Sanhedrim*, like the Madura institution, had its habitation in the

temple of Jerusalem. The president of this assembly was called *nāsi* or prince ; his deputy or vice-president was called *āb bēth dīn*, father of the house of judgment.

It had seventy fellows, besides the president and the vice-president, called *tzekanim*, elders or senators. They were all men learned in the law ; and they were obliged also to study and master magic, divination, fortune-telling, physic, astrology, arithmetic, and languages.

This University of Madura was required to judge of the merits of the books submitted to it. The authors appeared before a full meeting of the professors. The books were publicly read. The various objections raised had to be satisfactorily answered by the author. Elucidations of portions considered to be obscure were heard. Finally, after approval, a copy of the book was accepted and given a place in the University library. Then a title, appropriate to the nature of the work, was publicly conferred on the author by the Chancellor. Valluvar, the author of the well-known Tamil work '*The Kural*,' went from Mailapur near Madras to Madura, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, to obtain the recognition of this university. The book was accepted, and the highest title of '*The Divine Poet*' was publicly conferred on him. All the forty-nine professors of the academy, including the vice-chancellor, took part in presenting the author to the royal chancellor, with short speeches in verse. Here is a sample of the verses :—

“ O, Pandiya, the mighty King, who wields the sword brandished among the enemy ! Having heard from the mouth of Valluvar what we never heard

before, and comprehended the meaning, we have been enlightened with the knowledge of eternal happiness.”

Here is another :—

“ O King of the fertile country, where the birds reared in houses are lulled by the women’s chants ! Valluvar’s *Kural* is short in words but extensive in sense, even as in a drop of water on the blade of the millet might be seen reflected the image of the tall palmyra tree.”

The unique distinction of ‘ the Divine Poet ’ was then conferred on the author. Such was the manner of public recognition of authors which obtained in this ancient university.

Even in matters pertaining to divination, the help of the university was sought. We have it recorded in our literature that when the Pandya king was once enjoying the company of his queen, the daughter of the neighbouring Chola King of the solar race, there was wafted to him a peculiar fragrance, just as the queen untied the knot of her luxuriant hair. The odour was unlike that of the lotus, the lily, the jasmine or any other to which he was accustomed. He was puzzled, because he was not able to identify it. The professors of the university were summoned to read his thoughts. They were unable to do it. Then, true to the practice of those days, the pole was put up with the purse of gold on the top, and the royal proclamation went forth calling on those who were able to read the king’s mind to come forward. In the end it was left to a poor man to accomplish the task successfully in a verse which went to show that the fragrance which came from the tresses of the queen was no other than the

fragrance inherent to the perfect woman, she, in whom is realised the highest ideal of womanhood. Just as the odour of sanctity is felt in the presence of the perfect saint, this odour was felt in the presence of this queen, the daughter of the house of the sun-god. The university passed the poem: the poor poet won the purse and the king was pleased. This story forms the subject of a popular poem in Tamil.

How strangely similar this story is to that narrated in a unique papyrus covered with mysterious characters written by the Egyptian scribe Annana, and now preserved in the British Museum! It is "the oldest written story in the world which has come down to us in writing." Mention is made therein of a beautiful woman, the wife of a ploughman; a lock of her hair was carried to Egypt and was laid down "on the spot where were the washers of the house of Pharaoh; and the fragrance of the lock of hair imparted itself to the garments of Pharaoh.....But the chief of Pharaoh's washers seized the lock of hair; and there was found therein an extraordinary sweet odour. Then he brought it unto Pharaoh; and the experienced scribes of Pharaoh were summoned. And they spake unto Pharaoh:— 'This is the lock of the daughter of the sun-god and all divinity is in her.' "

Referring to this story, Dr. Garnett of the British Museum remarks: "How many points of contact it presents with the tales and traditions of other times and countries." Commenting on the suggestion that the author of this story was a contemporary of Moses, he proceeds: "Writings such as these may have contributed to his (Moses) education. They help us, at least, to

realise more vividly the fact that the great Jewish law-giver was prepared for his mission, not first in the solitudes of Horeb, but in the court of Pharaoh, and in the schools of Egypt."

Our knowledge of the subsequent history of the Madura Academy is scanty ; but we know that it gradually became sectarian in spirit, the Hindus having the upper hand in its affairs. People of other faiths were arraigned and with the help of the rulers of the land condemned to the stake. It found itself in after-times involved in internal feuds. It gave up its legitimate work of recognising merit wherever it was found. Sectarian wranglings most virulent in their nature, and prolonged disputations upon trivial subjects became the order of the day. Pride of learning and the consequent slighting of manifestations of superior talent prepared the way for the decline of this university, which, as tradition tells, had resort even to unworthy subterfuges to belittle the work of great minds. These, added to its aggressive tendencies and persecutions of other faiths, brought about its downfall. Now and then, in later times, there were seen in Southern India some authors flourishing here and there in the courts of petty chieftains and the literature of those times, other than what was devotional, was mostly ephemeral. The reasons for the decline and fall of this once famous university were found in its utter disregard of its original objects and in its failure to take note of, and profit by, the new circumstances that arose and to adapt itself to them. Bigotry begat hatred of other people and their faiths, till it culminated in reserving all its energy for selfish ends, identifying itself with one particular sect and using its influence and power against others

and this eventually brought about its downfall, and it became a thing of the past.

Not such the history of the universities of Scotland. Their growth and development were in contrast to the retrogressive spirit of the South Indian University. Their history is one continuous record of honest attempts to adjust themselves to the continually rising needs of progressive Scotland, characterized by strong common sense and breadth of view.

In Scotland, as in Southern India, religion played a prominent part. We read in the Aberdeen Bull issued by the Pope that "His Holiness resolved to erect a university in the renowned city of old Aberdeen, that there may be therein a cool fountain of whose fulness all the faithful in Christ may drink, streaming thither from every quarter in their desire to be adorned with learning and virtue."

In the beginning, the Scottish Universities were small institutions affording instruction in a limited number of subjects to students whose numbers were equally limited. The professors taught the students in their private dwellings. In the fifteenth century in St. Andrews, "the masters provided their own classrooms and they accepted from their pupils such fees or gratuities as they could afford to give." In the sixteenth century, in Aberdeen, the professors had to teach in their manses. The average number of students at King's College in the latter university at the beginning of the seventeenth century did not exceed nineteen. About the end of that century, it had risen to seventy. The same might be said of St. Andrews in the seventeenth century; but in Glasgow and Edin-

burgh there were more. The present strength of each may be roughly put down at about 3,000 in Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1,000 in Aberdeen and 500 in St. Andrews with Dundee, these students being engaged in one or other of the following branches of study — Arts and Sciences, Medicine and Law, and Divinity. Taking Edinburgh, the premier University, we find the students distributed as follows in 1910-11: Arts, 1,287; Science, 388; Divinity, 45; Law, 255; Medicine, 1,374; and Music, 18; total 3,367.

Again, at the commencement there were no public examinations held before the granting of the degrees. In Aberdeen, in the middle of the eighteenth century a degree examination was instituted, but there was no rigidity in that examination, and no one in fact was rejected. All the passed candidates in those days were presented to the Principal who, to use the words of one who received such a degree, “rose solemnly and holding an old dusty piece of scarlet cloth in his right hand, whilst we all stood like so many wooden images before him, went round the whole of us, and touching our heads, dubbed each of us a Master of Arts.” The development of the Church in its various stages affected the Universities too. The Church ruled the Universities till the seventeenth century; during the next century the Universities influenced the Church and thus “returned the compliment.” Their gradual development to their present position in the intellectual and religious life of the people shows that their progress has gone on *pari passu*, the one influencing the other during the course of their contemporaneous onward march.

“ One of the honourable marks” says a Scottish writer “ of the Scottish pulpit is that the most eminent preachers were usually men of learning, men who had shown an unusual aptitude for the culture of the time and had assimilated the intellectual food provided at the Universities in a degree beyond the common.” A spirit of charity and honest enquiry and search have always characterised that Church ; the interpretations of the holy writings have gone on broader lines ; a desire to acquire knowledge from whatever sources it came has always been the aim and object of that Church’s most distinguished sons. But for the influence of that progressive Church, the Scottish Universities would not have become the great centres of enlightenment and wisdom they are at the present day. The sphere of their activity has extended so far that at every step of their progressive march, the wider and larger concerns of human life, whether in law or in the sciences, have been kept in view, and the wants, not merely of the wealthy or culture-seeking class but also those of the mass of the people, have been supplied ; and the Scottish Universities have thus brought themselves more into touch with the every-day life of the people.

Lord Macaulay, in his Rectorial address delivered to the students of Glasgow University in 1849, summed up the centennial features of that University in words which might well be applied to the other Scottish Universities also. “ It was,” he said, “ in the midst of martyrdoms, and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your University closed.....The second hundred years was in the midst of a war between Popery and Protestantism. Then between Prelacy and

Puritanism. . . . The third was a bright and tranquil century — a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, and equal justice. . . . In the fourth century, there was nothing but growth. Our noble institutions are sound at heart. They have nothing of age but its dignity and their strength is still the strength of youth;” and he wound up by expressing the hope for the fifth century that those educated in the University would not waste their talents and learning on ignoble objects, but would employ them to “promote the physical and moral good of their species, to extend the empire of man over the material world, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots and to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws.” This is what the *alumni* of the Scottish Universities are doing at the present day.

From the short account given here of the ancient University of Madura and of those of Scotland, the lessons we are able to gather are that while the former, by openly avowing its bigotry and limiting its sphere of work, retarded its own progress and ultimately brought about its ruin, the latter, by expanding their work and going ahead on liberal lines, have attained a high place in the academic world. I hope it will not be considered out of place here to say a word on the proposals to establish Hindu and Moslem Universities in India. I am tempted to quote the remark of Coleridge who wrote — “He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or Church better than Christianity and end in loving himself better than all.” This is said of Christian Europe. But what about India where three

creeds/meet ? Let there be by all/means any number of Universities, territorial in character but not racial. In Christian Europe, the tendency has been to secularise academic institutions. No doubt, the leaders of the two communities in India are sympathetic towards each other and are showing their kindly feeling even by liberal subscriptions. But these Hindu-Moslem amenities are no better than weak bridges thrown over deep chasms. It will be well therefore if in this question of sectarian Universities in India the lessons of history and the circumstances of the country where they are sought to be established are taken/into account.

CHAPTER X

A SCOTTISH CAPPING DAY

It was while I was staying with Principal Miller in Bridge of Allan that I received an invitation from the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh University to attend the Graduation ceremony of Friday, the 7th of July, 1911. I was asked to meet the Honorary Graduates and to accompany them to the platform of the M'Ewan Hall. I attended in my Madras University Fellow's gown. In the robing room I met Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Dr. Kelman the famous preacher, Principal Sir William Turner, Professor W. P. Paterson and several others who spoke kind words to me. At the appointed time we marched in procession to the platform and were received by the audience standing. The hall, a noble structure, named after the donor who spent twelve lakhs of rupees

upon it, was in every way worthy of the occasion. The area of the hall and the galleries were filled with students and spectators numbering nearly 2,500. The academic robes and the dresses of the ladies made the scene brilliant. It was interesting to an Indian used to oriental assemblies where the bright and variegated colours of the East are seen side by side with the simple and subdued beauty of those of the West.

The proceedings were carried through in a manner befitting an occasion when honorary degrees were to be conferred on a number of persons well-known in various branches of learning and science. The ceremony proper began after prayer, when the Vice-Chancellor, Principal Sir William Turner, K. C. B., who presided on the occasion, called upon Professor W. P. Paterson to present the candidates for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The Professor, as he introduced one candidate after another, presented the claims of each to the honor in a short speech. His rich resonant voice was heard throughout the hall. These short speeches made during the presentations were like those of the ancient Madura University and were clothed in language eloquent and elevating. For instance, Dr. Paterson in presenting the Rev. R. S. Simpson, Minister of the United Free High Church, Edinburgh, for the degree spoke as follows: "A man who has consecrated signal gifts of intellect to the highest ideals of the Christian Ministry, the leader of a congregation which fills a necessitous quarter of Old Edinburgh with uplifting agencies and works of mercy, remembered by his fellow-students for a quality of thought and speech in which, as in his character, strength and beauty met together, and to-day revered in all our churches as an embodiment of the

highest forces that make for Christian unity, Mr. Simpson has been marked out by a general tribute of respect and affection as eminently worthy of a place on the roll of honour of the University of Edinburgh. ”

The recipients of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws were mostly men well-known in the literary and scientific world. They included the Hon'ble John Abercromby, author of many works on archæology and other subjects, Dr. T. S. Clouston, a distinguished physician and author of valuable medical books, Mr. F. W. Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton and Professor Oman of Oxford, well-known for his valuable writings on History. The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior was also presented with the degree. In introducing him Professor Mackintosh, Dean of the Faculty of Law, gave expression to some worthy sentiments pleasing to an Indian ear. Speaking of the Maharajah, he said: “A keen soldier, he maintains a large force of all arms in full efficiency ready at any moment for Imperial service, and no finer sight can be seen at an Indian parade than the Maharajah sweeping past at full gallop at the head of his famous Maharatta Cavalry.....To these princely ideals the University which has a very real stake in the well-being of India, desires to testify its homage; and I therefore bespeak a cordial welcome for our latest graduate when you, Sir, have duly performed the inaugural rite.” Speaking of the Oxford Professor of History, Professor Mackintosh said: “Oxford, however, has no monopoly of his gifts; he has won the ear of that wider constituency so often wooed in vain—the intelligent general reader. His literary output is astonishing in its bulk and range, for it is his creed

that the competent man should write and not court the easy infallibility of silence. All periods and all styles from school manual to minute monograph are represented in his work, for he has the large vision which sees the essential unity and continuity of all history. His power of lucid narrative and his gift of picturesque detail are seen perhaps at their best in telling the dramatic episodes of the Great Rebellion and the Wars of the Roses, a period admirably handled in a volume contributed to the Political History of England.....The Oxford History School began as a School of Law and History; what then could be more appropriate than to make this distinguished member of it a *doctor legum*?"

As the several recipients were capped by the Vice-Chancellor, they were cheered by the audience and the Maharajah Scindia was singled out for special applause. Besides the Honorary Degrees, the Degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Letters, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science were conferred upon a number of persons, about one hundred and fifty in all, who after the close of the proceedings ascended the platform in turn, and received the right hand of fellowship from the Principal and the professors. Professor Pringle Pattison then addressed the graduates. He told the new recipients of academic honours that they were all admitted that day to the great body of the graduates who constituted the University of Edinburgh and who had carried her name and fame into the farthest parts of the earth; he said the true life of a university was in her children and by the ceremony that day the university stamped them as her own. Then he touched upon the old M. A. curriculum, which, taking all the

circumstances into consideration, was about the best that could be devised as a foundation for general culture. He congratulated himself on having gone through the old course which was fixed by the wisdom of many generations. But there was the ever-increasing range and variety of human knowledge and interest to be taken into consideration. He observed that the modern languages of Europe with the heritage of culture which they represented demanded a place beside the ancient classical tongues. The great scientific advance of the nineteenth century also demanded attention; and he concluded with a plea for the study of philosophy which was one of the greatest traditions of the Scottish Universities, and in support quoted the following from Berkeley: "Whatever the world thinks, he who has not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the *summum bonum* may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman."

The subject of the address was perhaps not of much interest to the audience. Many of them attended the ceremony to witness the spectacular part of it. Else, I cannot understand why the student portion of the audience constantly interrupted the speaker and showed an impatience which to me was inexplicable. More than once the principal interfered. The manner of these interruptions consisted in ordinary handclapping, singing, and even witty remarks which caused general laughter. This was a strange experience to me. We in India are not used to these ways. Elderly men do not seem to take a serious view of doings of the kind: and these I am told are common occurrences at such assemblies and are even taken in good part by the elders.

And it must be said to the credit of British youths that their remarks on such occasions are never rude, and even their actions are simply those born of stout hearts, frank natures and straightforward dispositions for which these young men are everywhere known.

While I was sitting on the platform of the M'Ewan Hall, surrounded by a distinguished company and listening to the address, not as a stranger but as one who had some sort of relationship with the University, I thought all the time of Carlyle and his rectorial address. The Scottish Universities are in a sense my 'grand alma-mater' if I may venture to use that expression. My professors were all of them *alumni* of those Universities; and I am a product of an institution taught wholly by Scotch professors. The thought of my relationship to one of those Universities impressed me in a measure which I am not able to describe. It was like the son of a family going away to a distant land and working there to spread learning and wisdom. And one who sought that wisdom and learning at the feet of such a one goes in his time to visit his master's *alma mater*, the fountain source where that master drank wisdom—that must be an interesting spectacle. To that student, the precincts of the University must indeed be sacred ground.

Added to such feelings there was also in my mind at the time the thought that there was on the platform of that same University, forty-five years before, the venerable figure of a great name in the literature of England bowed down with age addressing a younger generation on the great and serious topics of life, the figure of him whose writings had a strange fascination for me, who thought and preached like an Indian sage, "who," to use his biographer's words, "spoke always

of a life to come and the meeting of friends in it as a thing not impossible. In spite of science he had a clear conviction that everything in this universe, to the smallest detail, was ordered with a conscious purpose. Nothing happened to any man which was not ordained to happen. No accident, no bullet on battlefield, or sickness at home, could kill a man, till the work for which he was appointed was done, and if this was so, we were free to hope that there was a purpose in our individual existence which was not exhausted in our earthly condition.”* I wondered how the students then treated this great prophet of his time, how they behaved when he delivered his address—an address delivered without notes, without preparation, the address which he delivered trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and which contained the substance of the teachings of his life-time. Did the students interrupt him? Did they who voted for his opponent Disraeli interrupt him on the occasion? These questions I requested Sir Andrew Fraser to answer. He was one of the students of Edinburgh who was present and heard the address. Sir Andrew writes: “You ask me for my recollection of the rectorial address delivered by Thomas Carlyle to the students of the Edinburgh University about half a century ago. I need not tell you of the contents of the lecture; for it has been published in Carlyle’s work under the title of ‘The Choice of Books.’ I need hardly tell you of the circumstances; for they have been set forth in the introduction to that volume of his collected works.

* For a fuller discussion of this view, I would refer the reader to my romance of ‘The Dive for Death.’ George Allen & Co., London, 1911.

“What you want is a few words of my own recollection. I recall the scene in the Music Hall of Edinburgh; for there was then no great university hall, as there is now. We who supported Carlyle had carried his election by a majority of over two to one. The students in Edinburgh choose their own Lord Rector. Generally, the election runs largely on the lines of political party; but it is not always so. Carlyle was not supported by students of one political party only, but by men who believed in him as a great teacher; and we were full of enthusiasm.

“His opponent was Benjamin Disraeli (afterwards Lord Beaconsfield); and some of those who had supported Disraeli went to the Music Hall determined to give vent to their political feeling in the manner sometimes adopted by Scottish students. During the business that preceded the address, there was therefore a good deal of interruption. But when the grand old Philosopher rose to speak, all tendency or inclination to interrupt passed away. A frail old man, with bright flashing eyes deep-set under his bushy eyebrows, he rose without notes to speak to us.

“He laid aside his great gown or robe of office, with this apology to his committee. ‘It is not, gentlemen, that I despise the honour: but I am old, and the thing is heavy.’ And stepping out of it, a worn old man in simple attire, he talked to us of old College days, of his own in our University, and of the things he thought it worth while to speak to us about.

“We were nearly all then hero worshippers; and we listened to our hero with the reverence he himself inculcated and inspired. He talked to us of reverence

and of truth; and he closed with a trumpet call to courage and hope. Dead silence reigned while he spoke even among those who could scarcely hear what he said; but when he closed, enthusiasm broke loose. They cheered him as young men do when deeply moved; they took the horses from his carriage and dragged him home themselves in triumph; and some of them never forgot the emotion of that hour.

“He said himself of them later, in the pathetic letter he wrote to his Committee after Mrs. Carlyle’s death, ‘with a youthful enthusiasm beautiful to look upon, they gave me that bit of honour, loyally all they had.’

“This sentence of his describes what I should like to convey as my recollection of that day, better than any words of mine can do; and I add no more.”

The above sets at rest one doubt regarding the putting off by Carlyle of his heavy rectorial robes. Even Froude seems to be in doubt whether it was so, for he writes: “I believe—for I was not present—that he threw off the heavy academical gown.” Men may be prone to think that this action of Carlyle was rather characteristic of the man, who hated all outward pomp and show, ‘who had been only a man all his life, and on this occasion chose to be a man still.’ And some might even go further and say that he did so without a word of apology, without a thought for the feelings of those who elected him. And we are glad that we have this testimony from an eye-witness, who heard Carlyle’s address. This then was the address I thought of all the time I sat on the platform of the M’Ewan Hall, the

address which was 'printed in full in half the newspapers of the island,' which was read, after the overland mail arrived, by English professors to their students in the class rooms of the Indian Colleges, which is read and re-read by Indian students as one of the most valuable in the treasury of British eloquence.

Such is a short account of the capping ceremony I witnessed in Edinburgh; and I returned to my quarters immensely pleased with the experience I had thus had of a public occasion in the life of Academic Scotland.

On the evening of the 7th of July, I saw Dr. George Smith, the prince of Indian missionary biographers and the veteran journalist, who was long the Calcutta correspondent of the "London Times." Dr. Smith spoke to me of his old Indian experiences, of the Indian Viceroy of his time, especially of Lord Dalhousie, whom he considered to be one of the greatest. Thereafter, I met Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser who received me very kindly. Sir Andrew is still taking much interest in Indian affairs and is devoting his leisure, his experience, and his intellectual gifts to India. One instance of his kind attention I shall never forget. The day previous to my leaving London, he sent me a cordial letter accompanying it with a copy of his new book 'Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots' and asked me to read it during my voyage home. The book is a golden book of advice and deserves to be in the hands of every Britisher engaged in the Indian Services.

Next morning, that is on the 8th of July, I left Edinburgh after a stay of eight days in Scotland. Let me add a few words in conclusion before I bring to a close my account of a week in Scotland.

Some half a dozen urchins of between six and seven were one day being taught in their vernacular tongue, in a school in the ancient city of Conjeeveram in Southern India, their very first lesson in the rudiments of Geography. The teacher, an old man, with a stick in hand, was pointing out on the map of the world hanging high on the wall, the continents and oceans, and by way of a little voluntary digression into greater details stretched his hand to the full and passed the stick round a little patch of red on the north-west corner of the map and said it was the country called Scotland, from which came the founders of the institution where the children were reading. This was the first time in my life I had heard the name of that country pronounced. That country which from that time loomed large in my thoughts I visited half a century later. Some of my best friendships were formed with the people of that land. I walked on the places where her great sons had walked. I saw some of the scenes of the early boyhood and youth of my professors at College. I saw the hills and dales and the scenes painted by her poets. The oriental has always an eye for the picturesque. The Indian never fails to be impressed by the soldiers in India marching in Highland dress. In Scotland, I witnessed the scene of a small family group of husband and wife and two or three children one of whom was in Highland dress. The mother who perhaps dressed her boy as a Highland soldier was eying him with especial delight, and once or twice was seen adjusting with motherly affection the cap on the little head; and, perhaps, then there passed through the mind of this brave Scotch mother the thought of a future in his life when he might one day be fighting for his king and his country. I thought then of the picture drawn by a poet

of my native land, more than a thousand years ago, of a heroic mother of Southern India. "Wonderful!" says the poet "the heroic deed of this woman who is fit to be the daughter of a distinguished race. For it was but the other day that her father died on the field of battle while slaying the elephant. But yesterday it was that her lord fell bravely fighting while rescuing the cattle carried away by the enemy. And to-day, when she heard the war drum beating, in the frenzy of her joy, she, the mother who had no son except one, combed the hair of that one with her dexterous hands, opened the folds of the pure white cloth and tied it round his waist and placing in his hand the war lance sent the boy to the field of battle." Throughout the eight days of my stay, it was one continuous flow of delightful thoughts and pleasing memories.

But all this bright sunshine; of a week had its dark lining too—for when I entered the train on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of July, an invitation from the Principal of the University of St. Andrews to attend its quinquennial celebrations was put into my hands and the disappointment was keen in that I was not destined to see the Empire's orator achieve one of his magnificent triumphs in the address which he delivered as Lord Rector of the University, and which for imaginative boldness would be hard to excel: and my departure was made all the sadder by the feeling that I was taking leave, probably for the last time, of my old master whom I had made so long a pilgrimage to see. Farewell, Scotland!

CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION

I must bring this narrative of my visit to the West to a close. The experiences of these three months were unlike any I had in my life hitherto. I have in this book devoted more space to Scotland, for the example of Scotland to India and the Empire is invaluable. We have seen with what deadly rancour England and Scotland fought against each other ; how the English king forgetting that Wallace was a neighbouring chief ordered him to be dragged to the place of execution, to be hung by the neck, and how his dead body was thereafter directed to be dismembered and sent to various parts of the country to be set up as warnings. Time has effaced all this rancour and hatred, and English and Scots are seen to-day clasping hands like brothers and working together for the glory of Britain. I saw while I was in Edinburgh some of the preparations the Scots were making to welcome King George who was expected there in a week. The universal esteem and the sincere love and loyalty which actuated them in their preparations and the pleasant expectancy with which they looked forward to the coming visit made me feel that, like their brother citizens of the South, they were moved by one common feeling for king and one common impulse for the glory of Great Britain. Not that the Scot of to-day has forgotten the old days ; not that he is less patriotic than his ancestor of five or six centuries ago. The Scot wherever he is, in

the rugged heights of Dargai or the sunny plains of Hindustan, still feels strongly that love for his dear land, that intense interest in the romance and chivalry of his native country. It will be an interesting sight to see him in a far-off land in the midst of aliens brought up in different traditions and beliefs and nurtured in ideals quite foreign to his own, standing erect, his whole frame suddenly charged with some hidden nerve power, his eyes glowing with fire, when he hears a Scottish piper sound a native air, or when he hears the tales of chivalry of his country. Side by side with this feeling, there remains the other when he works in that distant land for the glory of Great Britain. This latter feeling, or to use Mr. Balfour's expression "this larger patriotism of the Scotchman", is the lesson which the history of his country furnishes to us.

And there is yet another, and that is the still larger patriotism of the Empire which the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Hindu and the Mohammedan and all the rest of the races and peoples who own the sway of King George should be proud to possess at the present hour. Since the time the crowns of England and Scotland became blended into one to adorn the same royal brow, the Britisher worked loyally in different climes among different races for the glory of his king. Now while that capacious brow was crowned in India, what need is there for the Hindu and the rest of the races to be told that they are as much the citizens of Great Britain as the Britishers are. And no greater service is needed at the present day for the consummation of that feeling than that we should all strive to understand one another and understand fully the traditions and beliefs in which each was brought up. It may be that the

ideals of each are cast in different moulds, but he that reconciles into a homogeneous whole the nationalisms of the various peoples, whom the same King rules, by his attitude towards them, does not live a double or treble life, but renders service to the Empire which far outshines any other. That indeed is the highest duty of a statesman. The Scotch or Irish premier of England will not find it difficult to achieve this reconciliation in Britain. Nor is it impossible of achievement by a noble minded and far seeing Viceroy of India. Such a one would think twice before he gives expression to the thought embedded in the oft quoted couplet of the East and the West meeting never or in the song of the "White man's Burden." In spite of it, have we not seen this still larger patriotism of the British Empire suddenly burst upon us in reality when the Indian, the Englishman and the Scotchman are fighting side by side at this very moment and shedding their blood on the soil of France?

And this subject of the present colossal struggle in Europe leads me to reflexions of another kind. Of that war wherein passions rage the highest, it is not easy to write in a sober tone. But if what we read of the barbarities committed there be true, they ought to draw forth tears for the unfortunate victims and pity for those who commit them. It is one of the inexplicable ironies of life that man blest with character and feeling to appreciate the finer side of that life should become the slave of a restless ambition for wordly power and glory. Our poets have sung of the limitlessness of man's lust for power even after he circumvents the globe and brings it under his control. Monarchs whose ruling passion had been the achievement of deeds

that would secure them earthly renown were known oftentimes to repeat with fervour their country's songs touching on the evanescent nature of all such worldly glory and the worthlessness of all human vanity. In spite of such lucid intervals, they fondly clung to their dearly cherished desires and caused untold misery to mankind in trying to achieve them.

History's bloodiest page is now being written on the battlefields of Europe. That continent is plunged in a war, the greatest in the annals of the human kind, which might involve the other continents, and culminate perhaps in a catastrophe terrible to imagine ; terrible far more than the eruptions of burning mountains throwing out fire and lava from the innermost bowels of the earth. It is the sad lot of the generation living in the second decade of the twentieth century to be either the immediate sufferers of this death struggle or the participants of the agony and desolation which that struggle is spreading in countless homes. Alas ! culture, manliness and righteousness, the forces that count for much in these times, seem now to have vanished. But they will assuredly assert themselves. Peace will soon return ; and when that peace comes, the hope is strong that it will be honourable to the Empire to which we are proud to belong, that it will be such as to inspire the hope in every living breast that the blood which mother Earth has drunk will be the last, that man's intelligence and power, which converted powder and steel into instruments of death to wipe him out of existence and render this world desolate, will be used to unite the East and the West, and bring together the men of all the nations of the earth to live in peace and amity as the children of one God, to defend the cause of truth and righteousness

against those who break all divine and human laws. Let me conclude this narrative with my ode written for the First Universal Races Congress held in London on the 25th of July 1911, the day I left England for my native East.

THE naked West of mists and shadows reared
 The little infant of the mystic East,
 And countless years and ages rolled away ;
 The little infant grew to womanhood.
 Proud of her western virtues she saw not
 The beauties of her sister of the East,
 Coiled in the web of many creeds outworn ;
 But revelled in her own, and so forgot
 Her orient birth and faith that sprang from love.
 To them who higher soar and see aright,
 The world's delights and sorrows are but one,
 The mystic caverns of the eastern saint,
 The laughing bowers of the western sage ;
 And in the lisping of the child they see
 Life's ecstasy, and its serenity
 In tott'ring sounds of age, with equal love ;
 And oft in visions of despair they saw
 The ever separating East and West.
 The God, that gave the rose its hue, gave, too,
 The odour to the lily of the East.
 "And let us weave with loving hands," they said,
 "A garland of the lily and the rose ;"
 At last, with joyous hearts, they looked around,
 And saw one world, the World of East and West,
 Enfolded in each other's loving arms !
 One fatherhood, the fatherhood of God,
 One brotherhood, the brotherhood of Man,
 One creed, the creed of Love and Righteousness.

Works by T. Ramakrishna

Life in an Indian Village

With an introduction by the Right Hon. SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF, G. C. S. I. (2nd Edition) — T. Fisher Unwin: London

An excellent little book by Mr. Ramakrishna on the village life of South India is a step in the right direction — *Sir M. E. Grant Duff in the Contemporary Review*.

Mr. Ramakrishna's pleasant description of the Indian Village Life deserves to be widely read — *J. B. Knight, C. I. E, in the Indian Magazine*.

A charming book — *Professor Eric Robertson*.

Pleasant little book — *Daily Telegraph*.

Particularly interesting — *Morning Post*.

Excellent — *Athenæum*.

We welcome this book as a much truer picture of Indian life than many more ambitious works — *St. James Gazette*.

The work is written in admirable English. Even the blank verse is perfect. The story of Harischandra alone is worth the cost of the volume — *Literary World*.

We recommend the book to all whose heart can still be touched by inartificial descriptions of idyllic, gently flowing, country life — *Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

Interesting and instructive — *Scotsman*.

Picturesque and sympathetic — *Manchester Guardian*.

Realistic — *Leeds Mercury*.

Pleasant and graphic — *Birmingham Post*.

Production of a scholarly native — *Christian Leader, (Glasgow)*.

The manners and customs of the people are vividly reflected — *Speaker*.

Written with much naivette — *British Weekly*.

Told with such graphic power as to leave a vivid impression upon the reader's mind — *Bookseller*.

There is real literary flavour about this book — *Civil and Military Gazette (Lahore)*.

Well written book — *Englishman (Calcutta)*.

A work of no little merit and originality.— *Madras Mail*.

There is about his writing as about his description of village life, a freshness that attracts the reader's attention, stimulates his curiosity and causes him to read with interest accounts whose charm lies in their simplicity — *Madras Times*.

A marvel of information — *The Hindu, Madras*.

A very important literary contribution — *Christian Patriot, Madras*.

Tales of Ind and Other Poems

T. Fisher Unwin (London.)

Interesting and remarkable — *Lord Tennyson*.

Charmingly and most skilfully written stories;.....an astonishing achievement — *Alfred Austin*.

Your versification is smooth and melodious and your command of poetical diction remarkable — *Lord Bryce*.

It is a great pleasure to me to find that a native of South India has so distinguished himself — *Sir M. E. Grant Duff*.

'Tales of Ind' is a decidedly interesting little book. Mr. Ramakrishna writes excellent English. He has, what is rare among good poets, the art of telling a story. These tales, admirable material in themselves, are told with great simplicity, clearness and natural feeling — *Saturday Review*.

It is evident from the tone and swing of his style that Ramakrishna drank deeply at the Tennysonian springs — *Glasgow Herald*.

In purity of diction, in power of direct narration, and in restrained feeling, they remind us of Arnold in *Sohrab and Rustum* — *Madras Christian College Magazine*.

The volume stands alone, being far above any similar attempts on the part of a native of India — *Madras Mail*.